

THE MONTH

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CONTENTS

DO WE BELIEVE?	<i>By the Rev. Sydney F. Smith</i>	449
THE MONTH'S MIND.....	<i>By the Rev. Herbert Thurston</i>	466
THE ENGLISH BAR.....	<i>By the Hon. Mr. Justice Walton</i>	481
THE CATHOLIC CONFERENCE, 1904.....	<i>By James Britten, K.S.G.</i>	489
RELIGIOUS PERSECUTION UNDER QUEEN ELIZABETH.		
	<i>By the Rev. J. H. Pollen</i>	501
THE MEMBER FOR FAIRDALE. Chapters XV.—XVIII.		
	<i>By Wilfrid Wilberforce and A. R. Gilbert</i>	518
FLOTSAM AND JETSAM		540
<i>In Scientificæ.</i>		
REVIEWS.....		543
LITERARY RECORD		556

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CONTENTS FOR NOVEMBER, 1904.

	page
DO WE BELIEVE?	<i>By the Rev. Sydney F. Smith</i> 449
THE MONTH'S MIND.....	<i>By the Rev. Herbert Thurston</i> 466
THE ENGLISH BAR	<i>By the Hon. Mr. Justice Walton</i> 481
THE CATHOLIC CONFERENCE, 1904.....	<i>By James Britten, K.S.G.</i> 489
RELIGIOUS PERSECUTION UNDER QUEEN ELIZABETH.	
	<i>By the Rev. J. H. Pollen</i> 501
THE MEMBER FOR FAIRDALE. Chapters XV.—XVIII.	
	<i>By Wilfrid Wilberforce and A. R. Gilbert</i> 518
FLOTSAM AND JETSAM	540
<i>Iræ Scientiae.</i>	
REVIEWS	543
1. ^o Aubrey de Vere, a Memoir, based on his unpublished Diaries and Correspondence. By Wilfrid Ward. Poems from the Works of Aubrey de Vere. Selected and edited by Lady Margaret Domville. 2. In many Lands. By a Member of the Order of Mercy. 3. Le Catholisme dans les temps modernes. Tom. 1 ^{er} . Les résistances. Par l'Abbé Gibier. 4. The Auld Kirk of Scotland. By Father Archibald Campbell, S.J. 5. In the Morning of Life. Considerations and Meditations for Boys. By Herbert Lucas, S.J. 6. The Sweet Miracle. By Eça de Queiroz, done into English by Edgar Prestage, of the Lisbon Royal Academy of Sciences, Translator of The Letters of a Portuguese Nun. 7. Papst Innocenz XI. und Ungarns Befreiung von der Türkenherrschaft, auf Grund der diplomatischen Schriften des Päpstl. Geheim-Archivs, von Wilhelm Fraknöi, Titular-Bischof; aus dem Ungarischen übersetzt von Dr. Peter Jekel. 8. Kirchliche Studien und Quellen von Dr. Anton Beck. 9. Der Tricenarius des Heiligen Gregorius von Karl Eberle. 10. Belgique Charitable. 11. Downside Motets. Edited by R. R. Terry (Musical Director of Westminster Cathedral). Short Mass in C. A Short and Easy Mass on the theme <i>Veni Sancte Spiritus.</i>	
LITERARY RECORD	556
I.—Books and Pamphlets.	
II.—Magazines.	

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Do we Believe?

THE correspondence in the *Daily Telegraph* on the question *Do we believe?* may be concluded by the time these pages are in the reader's hands, but it has now been going on for more than three weeks, yet shows no signs of abating. Of course, the few hundreds of chance writers who have contributed letters are but a tiny fraction of the multitudes who make up the nation and are designated by the "we." Still they may be taken in some sufficient sense to represent the whole, and as such are evidence of the intense interest in the religious question which is felt alike by those who do believe and those who have ceased to believe; and this evidence is of great value, if it be true, as we Christians maintain, that man was made by God and for God, and that his nature suffers violence when he seeks to do without God. But this recent correspondence is also valuable for the light it throws on the mode in which our fellow-countrymen are given to reason on the all-important question of belief, and it is from that point of view it seems worth while to make it the subject of a few comments.

"Do we believe?" asks "Oxoniensis," the writer engaged to open the correspondence in the *Daily Telegraph*, and he propounds two tests by which we may judge of the quality of such belief as we profess. "A definite creed has both its religious and its ethical aspects: it formulates dogmas and it teaches morality." Do our lives look as if we sincerely held belief in the truth of the dogmas, or the obligation of the moral code of the Christian religion? To take the first test, that of dogma, and to confine attention to a dogma of the most generally admitted and fundamental kind:

The religious assumption is that this world is not of value or importance in or for itself, but solely as a preparation or, as some would phrase it, a state of trial, a probationary sphere, in view of an awful world that is to come. Do we believe that? Faith is not of much use unless it supplies motives for action or settled convictions of thought.

Do we act as if we believed that this world is a preparation for the next? Is the prevalent cast of our minds one in which the present is tinged with the mystery of the future? Long ago someone remarked that if people really believed in a Hell they would neither marry nor give in marriage—they could hardly eat their dinners. That, of course, is an extreme and pedantic view; nor is it of much consequence, for I take it that hardly any one now-a-days believes seriously in a Hell of everlasting torments. But if the world is ruled by justice which is to realize itself elsewhere, there must be some form of future punishment or retribution, just as there must be some form of reward and recompense. Well, what is our belief in Heaven? If it means anything, it must be a strange reversal of all our worldly standards—a reversal where goodness is put above fame. It means the triumph of obscure and unrecognized virtue, the equality of all men and women before the Omnipotent, in which the workman is as good as his master, the poor slavey the social equal of her mistress. Or it is a place of piety and rest, where everything that bored us here, like saying prayers and singing hymns, becomes an object of interest and zeal. Do we believe it? Do we act as if we believed it? Would we welcome Heaven on these terms? And, if not, what is our faith in this matter?

Or to take the test supplied by the moral teaching of Christianity.

A religion must necessarily issue in morality. Whether we take it that religion is morals touched with emotion, or morals religion reduced to practice, in either case there must be some tenets or principles of a practical kind to guide us in the difficult thoroughfares of life. The Sermon on the Mount is, I suppose, our ethical textbook, just as the life of the Divine Founder of our religion is the great exemplar of how we ought to live. Now I do not wish to be tedious in going through a series of points in detail, and therefore I will give only in a sort of tabular form some of the salient items which have always occupied the attention of students and ordinary readers. The Sermon on the Mount—illustrated as it is by Christ's life—contains a series of ideals. Here are some:

- The ideal of poverty.
- The ideal of humility.
- The ideal of "turning the other cheek" (the absence of revenge).
- The ideal of self-sacrifice.
- The ideal of loving an enemy.
- The ideal of innocence.
- The ideal of sexual purity, in thought, as well as in action.

And here are some of the axioms of the world's creed:

- The ideal of wealth.
- The ideal of ostentation, smartness, notoriety.

The ideal of self-assertion and blowing of one's own trumpet.
The ideal of trampling on others and rising at their expense.
The ideal of personal enjoyment, selfishness, refined or coarse.
The ideal of compromise (the politician's ideal).
The ideal of "sowing one's wild oats," and "a rake makes the best husband," &c.
The ideal of fashionable impurity.

Which of these two creeds do we believe? They are absolutely antithetical and contradictory. We cannot believe both. It would seem, judging by the world as we find it, and see it every day before our eyes in every great capital, that we act on the second creed and murmur with our lips the first. The Christian ethics are a vivid example of the *credo quia impossibile*. The worldly ethics are an instance of the faith which issues in works. Our Christianity would seem to be a splendid hypocrisy. Again, I ask, do we believe? What do we believe?¹

It is on these grounds that "Oxoniensis" finds the English people, Christian nation though it calls itself, to be in reality destitute of any religious belief worthy of the name. It is true he excepts two small classes from the scope of his accusation: "There are many quiet and religious people who live simply, who do justice and mercy and walk humbly with their God;" and "also there are some reverent and serious agnostics who have tried to think out problems for themselves and have conscientiously attained to conclusions mainly negative." But he is speaking not of them but of "the vast majority of men and women of the world, of ourselves in short, as an average mass;" and of these he asks, "Do we believe?"

In thus stating his case "Oxoniensis" has not kept himself free from a certain confusion of thought. The question, "Do we believe?" may be put with the emphasis on the "do," or with the emphasis on the "we." It may ask whether those among us who profess to believe do in the majority of instances really believe, and it is this which he appears to have in view in suggesting his two tests in the passage just quoted, the passage which forms the main portion of his letter. But the question may also ask whether those of us who profess to believe form the bulk of the nation and so can be spoken of by us Englishmen, without qualification, as "we;" and it is this sense he seems to have in view in the concluding words quoted from him. No doubt he had in reality the two questions in mind, and has run

¹ *Daily Telegraph*, September 29th.

them into one for want of a clear grasp of their distinctness. We, however, shall do better to consider them separately.

The first resolves itself into the inquiry whether any religious belief can be called genuine which does not express itself in conduct thoroughly in accord with its prescriptions. And here, at the very outset, lurks another fatal ambiguity. By believing, not only the Catholic Church, but the great majority of Englishmen mean an intellectual state which accepts a certain body of religious doctrines as true because divinely revealed. On the other hand, a section of Protestants, commonly called Evangelicals, following in this the lead of Luther and Calvin, understand by the same term a peculiar species of trust in the merits of Christ, the effect of which is supposed by them to be that under the operation of the Holy Spirit it makes those who have it converted persons, in whom as such the fruits of the Spirit necessarily result. If "Oxoniensis" means us to take the term in this latter sense, he is entitled to claim inconsistency of conduct as proof that the alleged belief or conversion is unreal. But then this is just what the Evangelicals would freely grant to him, nor has the concession any bearing on the question whether "we"—that is to say, any considerable proportion of the nation—are believers; since these same Evangelicals would themselves allow—with the assent of most others—that the number of these converted persons is comparatively small. It is their usage to say—as may be seen in Sir Robert Anderson's letter¹—that this person or that person, selected out of the mass of those who frequent their churches or chapels, is "a Christian," meaning that the others, notwithstanding their outward participation in religious services, are not. If, however, "Oxoniensis" means by "believing" a recognition by the mind of a certain creed of doctrines and standard of conduct as true and binding, then he goes much too far in assuming that reality of belief must needs draw after it consistency of conduct. Doubtless the stronger the faith the more it is calculated to constrain conduct to follow it, for the conviction of faith in proportion to its own strength sets before the will strong motives for living aright. But that these motives do not overmaster free-will is quite intelligible in itself—for otherwise the merit of obedience to the divine law would become impossible; and is a self-evident fact to those who have experience in their own souls of what

¹ *Daily Telegraph*, October 15th.

faith is. The Anglican Bishop of Croydon gave an excellent illustration of this in his letter.¹ A man who in youth had contracted a habit of intemperance, at the age of thirty, becoming deeply convinced of the truths of Christianity, made brave efforts to overcome the habit, and for the time succeeded. After five years of total abstinence he was allowed to enter the Anglican ministry, and for some years did splendid self-denying service in a hard-working parish. Then he had a sunstroke which for a short season undermined his power of self-control, and he relapsed into his old ways, and even gave public scandal. But again he recovered, and, after a three years' interval of probation, resumed his work among the poor, which he carried on faithfully till his death. As the Bishop says, an irreflective unbeliever, had he seen this man during the weeks of his relapse, would have said, "So much for the sincerity of his belief;" and yet "he was to the very core of his heart a sincere believer, and . . . gave abundant evidence of his sincerity in his laborious and self-denying life, in spite of his sad, sad lapse." It is a helpful instance in illustration not only of the fact that faith can be real even when conduct belies it, but also of the further fact that the reality of faith is in a sense more clearly revealed when it engages in a sharp though unsuccessful struggle with temptation than when, under more peaceful conditions, it finds a ready obedience from the executive faculties. A happy illustration for the instruction of those who, not having themselves much experience of the nature of faith, are so apt to question its sincerity when witnessed in others, but a wholly unnecessary illustration for us Christians, particularly for us Catholic priests who go to our confessional week by week, well knowing that we shall meet with countless instances of the same sharp conflicts between a heartfelt faith and the temptations of spiritual enemies from within and without. Nor is the phenomenon without its parallels in the civil life of all of us. *Video meliora proboque; deteriora sequor* was not said by the old pagan poet of any spiritual experience he had undergone and, if he said it of his ethical experience only, neither "Oxoniensis" nor any one else would infer that his ethical perceptions of right and wrong were unreal. Moreover, these same words are also applicable as a description of the way in which prudent judgments and imprudent actions are correlated in regard to purely secular matters. A young man

¹ *Daily Telegraph*, October 10th.

knows that in neglecting work for games he is endangering his future prospects, and yet he continues in the same way. A young girl engages herself to a man of doubtful character. She is warned that she will be storing up for herself future misery, and she quite believes what is told her. Yet she persists, because, as we say, she is infatuated. The explanation is that the future, in spite of our knowledge that it is inevitable, being distant and unfelt, makes a less vivid impression on our minds than what is present and actually experienced, and it is the same with the future life and the other objects of faith—except that these are not only future and unfelt, but belong to another order of things, the nature of which we can only faintly realize through their analogy with the things around us.

To pass now to the second test propounded by "Oxoniensis." He contrasts the moral standard set by the Sermon on the Mount with the standard which he represents as that of the world; and he assumes that the former standard is disregarded, the latter followed, not only by people without religion but even by the general run of those calling themselves Christians. Here at all events, he contends, we find evidence that the latter cannot be sincere in their belief. But the same answer applies here as in the case of the test we have been considering. Moreover, the writer is chargeable here, as indeed in the foregoing, with a serious exaggeration in regard to the facts, and an unfounded interpretation of our Lord's words. It is a serious exaggeration to say of the mass of Christian men and women—of those who have any earnestness about them in their Christian profession—that when the Sunday ends and they return to the occupations of secular life, they act regularly according to the eight ideals which "Oxoniensis" gives as the world's creed. There is indeed plenty of the practice of that miserable creed in modern English commercial and social life, but it is chiefly among the class that make no pretence to be religious people. Occasionally, of course, we are scandalized by the discovery that one or another who has been reckoned a highly devout person has in fact been leading a life of fraud or impurity. He turns out, as we say, to have been leading a double life. But such instances—whether attributable to conscious hypocrisy which has worn the mask of piety for interested purposes, or to culpable weakness yielding to a strong temptation—are instances altogether exceptional. The rule is that those who

are most conspicuous for their earnestness in religious duties carry their consciences with them into their business transactions and social relations, and offer us a most satisfactory guarantee that they will be found strictly honest in their dealings, free from all unfair tricks for over-reaching others, as well as ready to give of their substance and their service for charitable objects. Nor is it only on the basis of an inference from the character of their creed and its moral standards that this can be confidently claimed for them. It is also what the facts testify to those who will look around and see them in their due proportion, instead of generalizing from the few instances which are striking just because they are exceptional.

Still, to claim this for the mass of earnest believers is not the same as claiming for them that they all realize in their lives the high ideals of the Sermon on the Mount. "Oxoniensis" contrasts the two sets of ideals, as though they stood one against the other like two perpendicular walls, and there were no middle or alternative course between the acceptance of one or the other standard in all its fulness. It would be truer to figure them as two mountains, a Gerizim and an Ebal, each rising upwards by a gradual incline from the common dividing line in the intermediate valley. In other words, the children of Christ and the children of the world are set in contrast with one another, but so that each side is arranged in tiers above tiers up the slope of the spiritual or anti-spiritual mountain, in proportion as they attain more or less fully to the ideals which they respectively pursue. And this is what was to be expected—to confine ourselves now to the spiritual side—from the conditions under which God has made us and leads us. We must distinguish between *commandment* and *counsel* in the calls which our Lord addresses to us. The commandments bind under sin, being directed against acts which are evil either of their own nature or because prohibited by some divinely appointed authority. Hence a man who does not attain to the standard of observance prescribed by these commandments is open to reproach as failing in his Christian duty. But the counsels set a far more lofty standard. The roots of all sinful actions are in those evil dispositions of the heart which we call pride, covetousness, sensuality, and so on, and similarly the roots of all virtuous actions are in the corresponding good dispositions which we call humility, detachment, purity. Hence it is to the cherishing and cultivating of these good dispositions—or Christian virtues, as we

are wont to call them—that the teaching and example of Jesus Christ directs us. Up to a certain degree, namely, to the degree required to keep us free from downright sin, He enjoins upon us, as we have seen, the practice of these virtues as obligatory. But He also encourages us to pass beyond that indispensable stage, counselling us to admire and love these virtues for their own sake, as constituting the true nobility of the Christian soul, and hence to strive after a high measure of attainment in regard to them. Not that He expects the same degree of attainment from all; for He Himself said of the higher exercise of one of these very virtues: "Not all can understand (and so rise to) this, but those (only) to whom it is given." In other words, some souls are more, others less generous, and He leads them on according to their capacity, some to the higher, others to the lower grades of this ascending scale of spiritual nobility.

And it is this which makes intelligible, in comparison with what we find in the actual lives of the followers of Christ, the form in which the sublime maxims of the Beatitudes are enunciated. Our Lord is not there promulgating commandments, but recommending ideals or objects of spiritual ambition, and emphasizing their direct opposition to the objects of worldly ambition. Even the world does not enunciate its Beatitudes as commandments. It does not say, "Thou shalt be rich;" "Thou shalt be smart;" "Thou shalt trample on others and rise at their expense." It says, It is a fine thing if you are rich; blessed are you if you can be accounted among the smart; blessed are you if you have succeeded in revenging yourself on those who have injured you, if you have made others suffer loss rather than yourself. And so our Lord says, Nay rather, account yourselves blessed if you are poor in spirit: if you are meek and humble of heart; if you have overcome evil with good, if you have sacrificed yourself that others may gain. There is not then that entire opposition between Christian belief and Christian practice which "Oxoniensis" claims to discern in the modern world. Writing at all events as we are now doing in a Catholic periodical, we may claim that the Catholic Church through all the periods of her history has preached these Beatitudes in the same sense as that in which they were first uttered; and that the practice of her children has corresponded. There have indeed at all times been many in her fold who, whilst clinging to their faith, have allowed their practice to be sadly out of keeping with it; there has at all

times been another large section whose endeavour has been just to keep out of downright sin and not much more; but there has also been at all times a large section who in varying degrees of generosity have sought to go further and adopt the maxims of the Beatitudes as the living rule of their conduct.

It is not for us to speak on behalf of the Protestant bodies in this country, nor can we help feeling that the sentiments one often hears openly avowed by some of their representatives are such as it would be hard to reconcile with the counsels of the Beatitudes. The underlying disposition virtually commended in all the Beatitudes, as it is elsewhere expressly commended in the Gospels, is the virtue of humility. Yet so keen an observer as Mr. Lecky¹ tells us that the ascendancy which the monastic system (that is to say, the Catholic system) gave to the virtue of humility has not continued. "This virtue," he writes, "is indeed the crowning grace and beauty of the most perfect characters of the saintly type . . . (but) modern moralists have appealed more successfully to the sense of dignity than to the opposite feeling. . . . (It is the) feeling of self-respect, which is one of the most remarkable characteristics that distinguish Protestant from most Catholic populations, and which has proved among the former an invaluable moral agent, forming frank and independent natures, and checking every servile habit, and all mean and degrading vice." And is it not this worship of pride, masquerading under the euphemistic designation of self-respect, which accounts for the chief prejudice against the confessional or against submission to spiritual authority, as though these usages were unmanly and degrading? Whilst such modes of viewing the ideals recommended by the Beatitudes are advocated by classes of men who call themselves Christian, it is perhaps not altogether surprising that the inconsistency should strike the attention of observers like "Oxoniensis," and suggest to him the inquiries which he has propounded to us. Still, even if it has to be admitted that the popularity of these unevangelical sentiments among a certain class implies a lowering of the high ideals our Lord taught, it is pleasing to recognize on every side the most decisive proofs that a large number of English Protestants are strong in their religious convictions, and are earnestly endeavouring to conform their lives to the pattern set by the Master.

¹ *History of European Morals*, ii. 199.

If we take the question *Do we believe?* in the other sense indicated at the beginning of this article, an inquiry of more general interest opens out. When one considers the continuous supply of books from the press and the still greater abundance of articles in the periodical papers, from the *Nineteenth Century and after* down to the *Clarion*—all claiming to show up the Christian religion as now discredited, either in part or in whole, by the certain results of modern investigation—one might well wonder how there can be any faith left among our people, so many of whom are able to see the objections, but so few of whom are sufficiently educated to judge of their validity on solid grounds. Still we should like to have some more definite statistics on a subject of such importance, and such a correspondence as that in the *Daily Telegraph* seemed to offer an excellent opportunity for collecting the required information. It might have elicited an array of experiences from contributors of different social environments, each testifying to the attitude towards religious belief of the friends and acquaintances with whom he mixed. Unfortunately, with a few trivial exceptions, the opportunity has not been utilized in this way. The majority of the writers have thought only of retailing their personal histories, which in some few cases have been worth having, but which have mostly been monotonous vapourings of the justification by faith type. However, though the correspondence has not yielded many really informative letters, those which it has yielded all point to the following conclusions.

In the first place it is quite clear that the appalling numbers—according to the *Daily News* census of last year, four-fifths of the whole population of Inner and Greater London—who seldom or never go near church or chapel are not to be set down straight off as unbelievers. A proportion of them are so, no doubt, and even the remainder must be on the road to infidelity, through their religious impressions becoming gradually weakened and their susceptibility to anti-religious influences proportionally strengthened. Still the primary motive which in the mass of cases accounts for this non-attendance at divine worship is that they find religious services irksome and, not having a sufficiently developed sense of duty to surmount the obstacle, they yield to their inclinations which they can better gratify, according to their tastes and opportunities by amusements or visits to friends, or by reading or lying in bed. In the very poorest class another motive also enters in—the

want of Sunday clothes. This is a difficulty with which Catholic workers are familiar, the very poor being heavily represented in the Catholic body, and here we may remark incidentally that Mr. Percy Alden, in his essay on East London,¹ misses the point when he assumes that what these poor people shrink from is being seen in their work-day clothes by the well-to-do. They do certainly shrink from being placed near the well-to-do, and resent on this account any attempt to put them in the front benches, but what they shrink from much more, and for reasons easy to understand, is being seen without Sunday clothes by persons of their own class who are their own associates. At the same time, though the Sunday clothes difficulty presses more upon our Catholic poor than on those of other denominations, it is to their credit that they appear to be almost the one section among the very poor who do attend church in considerable numbers. Thus Mr. Charles Masterman, in his essay on "The Problem of South London,"² says, "In South London the poor (except the Roman Catholic poor) do not attend service on Sunday, though there are a few churches and missions which gather some, and forlorn groups can be collected by a liberal granting of relief."

As to the number of those who "do not believe," the recent correspondence, as has been said, has not increased our knowledge.³ C.H.C., now a builder, who describes himself as having during thirty-four years passed through various business experiences, has only "known of four persons openly to avow their unbelief,"⁴ whilst "Rear-Admiral" assures us that many hundreds of blue-jackets "have accepted Christ;" and "a Marine Artillery man who believes" has testimony to the same effect in regard to the army. These writers are, however, Evangelicals of the sort who are apt to take too roseate a view of the popularity of their own religious opinions, and on the other hand, "Ucalegon,"⁵ a "barrister, a bit of a journalist, a Militiaman, a director of two companies, and a member of half a dozen clubs," writes saying: "I have discussed religious questions with scores of (men), and leaving Roman Catholics out of the account, I cannot remember more than two who profess themselves Christians. Many others go to church—in the country—and nearly all think Christianity a very good thing for their wives

¹ Mr. Mudie-Smith's *Religious Life of London*, p. 30.

² *Ibid.* p. 201.

³ *Daily Telegraph*, October 15th.

⁴ *Ibid.* October 12th. ⁵ *Ibid.* October 13th.

and children. But ask them their opinion of the cardinal doctrines of the faith, and if they know you well enough to confide in you, you will get but one reason." Similarly "Oxonian"¹ tells us of a literary man who "ascertained the religious views of each of the first two hundred male adults met by him, and found fifty-six of them to be unbelievers (proportion 23 per cent.) . . . (whereas) some twenty years earlier he made a similar experiment, when the sceptics came out at only 13 per cent." Such a test, however, "Oxonian" only puts forward as interesting, and such as might be applied on a larger scale, for he justly realizes that in the cases given the figures were too small, and the area of observation was too local. These are the only approximations to statistics that the correspondence has supplied, and perhaps we may take them as tending to show that to some extent in the army, but more particularly in the navy (where, too, recruits enter at a very early age), the religious impressions of childhood have more chance of being fostered than in the freer life of the big world; that in the lower middle classes, the proportion of religious-minded Non-conformists is most largely represented; whilst among the professional and leisured classes, who are better educated and better acquainted with the current views on science and history, scepticism is very widely prevalent. And this agrees with what other authorities, as Mr. Charles Booth and the contributors to *Religious Life in London*, have reported. For the general conclusion of these writers is that the artizans as an entire class, though not in most cases hostile to the religious organizations, keep themselves altogether apart from them; that the lowest strata of poor, except among the Catholics, are only touched by the denominations in the rare instances where a few men of strong personality have won their sympathies; that the lower middle class is that in which religious-minded people are best represented, but that these are mostly Non-conformist; that in the higher and higher middle classes the Church of England has its largest proportion of adherents, but that here also a still larger proportion profess themselves to be more or less pronounced agnostics.

Those who make positive profession of disbelief are not all drawn to it by the same motives; and speaking in a broad way, and allowing largely for overlapping, one may say that the motives differ with the differences of social position. The

¹ *Ibid.* October 15th.

working classes are moved by the argument employed by "Oxoniensis"—that the practice of those who profess Christianity belies their profession and convicts them of insincerity. "Look at their lives," they say, "Could they act thus, if they really believed in the doctrine of the New Testament ;" and then they draw the further conclusion that a creed which does not show itself more effectual cannot be of divine origin. It is not, however, so much the sins of evil-doers which they have in view when they reason in this way. They will admit that a creed is not to be held responsible for the misdeeds of those who though believing in it do not profess to be living up to its precepts. But they have naturally a vivid sense of the fearful contrast between the wealth of the upper classes and the poverty of the class to which they themselves belong ; they see the one class, as it appears to them, monopolizing all the comforts and enjoyments of life, whilst to their own is assigned a lot of unceasing labour with its hardships and privations ; indeed at times not even that, for labour itself is oftentimes unobtainable and they must sink under the pressure of grinding want and misery. And yet side by side with these irritating inequalities they see rich people going regularly to their churches, enjoying the reputation of good Christians, perhaps even lecturing their poorer neighbours on their deficiencies in Christian practice, and yet resting perfectly content, so far as they can see, with the scandalous social conditions from which others are suffering that they themselves may profit. It is thus that the poor reason, or at all events a considerable section of them. It is one-sided reasoning, no doubt, and let it be granted that it leaves many things out of account, many things which go to show that a goodly proportion of those censured are not really to blame, but on the contrary are doing a vast deal to ameliorate the condition of their poorer neighbours ; many things which go to show that a re-division of property on communistic principles would aggravate instead of removing present difficulties. Still it remains that this numerous class of human beings has much excuse for demanding a drastic remedy for so cruel a social ailment, and for thinking that they ought to receive more sympathy and co-operation than they do from the adherents of so sublime a creed as that of Christianity.

We must go to the other end of the social, or rather of the educational, ladder to find the class whose loss of faith is directly due to the destructive criticism of the Bible. Unquestionably this

cause is potent in the ranks of those who have received a high literary education, but it is wonderful how little reference to it has been made by these writers to the *Daily Telegraph*. Where it is mentioned it is rather as having created astonishment when brought under notice by the admissions made by some preachers in their apologetic explanations. Thus "a Wanderer," on October 14th, describes the shock to his faith when he heard the Bishop of Wakefield deny the infallibility of the Bible, and Canon Cheyne call the stories of Creation, the Deluge, and the Virgin Birth untrustworthy.

The objections, however, which seem to have had the widest influence in undermining Christian belief among both the middle classes and the better educated artizans are drawn from three sources, from the character of such Biblical stories as the Creation and Fall of Man, of the Flood, of Jonah and the Whale, or the slaughter of the Benjamites; from the supposed injustice enshrined in doctrines like those of Original Sin, of Predestination, of Redemption, of Hell; and from the existence of so much cruelty in the world, moral and physical, which they deem irreconcileable with the theory of a good and omnipotent Creator. There is, indeed, a further and fourth source of objections to the Christian Creed, which however is best reckoned separately, inasmuch as there the appeal to the intelligence of the class in question is not so direct. We refer of course to the notion that evolution has disproved the existence of God, that nothing exists save matter, and hence that there can be no soul, or free-will, or after-life—notions the validity of which this class does not profess to be able itself to demonstrate, but only to take on faith from the men of light and leading.

Such seems to be the general attitude towards Christian belief of the large multitude which has broken away from it. It is a multitude which has drawn its supplies from the ranks of Catholicism as well as from those of the various forms of Protestantism. At the same time there are grounds for inferring that our losses to infidelity, if sad enough in themselves, are by comparison less, and one may call attention to this, not for the sake of glorying—how could one glory in presence of so sad a fact?—but as tending to discredit a theory which, to judge from the *Daily Telegraph* correspondence, is widely entertained; the theory, namely, that hundreds would flock back to the Churches, and become fervent worshippers again, if only the

rigour of doctrinal tests could be abated, and men be left to pray together without being expected to believe more than their reason approves. After all, even as it is, neither the Anglican Church nor the leading Nonconformist bodies are particularly exacting in this respect, whilst it is open to any set of persons who may be desirous of greater freedom to start churches for themselves; and yet the Church which is the most dogmatic of all, and the most uncompromising in its conditions of membership, proves to be the one best able to retain its adherents.

But are there no symptoms in the present outlook which may justify us in hoping for the eventual return of the wanderers, and is there nothing that we who still hold faith to be man's most precious inheritance can do to make its claims more clearly visible to bewildered minds? These are the inevitable questions which stir us deeply when we advert to the sad spectacle of spreading unbelief in a once Christian country. They are questions too large for consideration in this article, but we may just direct attention to a point or two bearing upon them which has asserted itself in the correspondence we are considering. Several of the writers who confess to a loss of their childhood's faith express themselves as perfectly contented with their present mental condition, and theirs is a type of feeling with which we are familiar in our reading and among our acquaintances. It is oftentimes an unbelief in the growth of which the wish has been the father to the thought, but in any case the class is one with which we can do nothing. Circumstances—as, for instance, some calamity able to stir the heart to its depths—may reveal to them hearts' needs of which now they are unconscious, but meanwhile we can do nothing but pray for them. There is, however, another and more earnest class which has been represented in this correspondence, a class which, according to its own account of the process has been driven into unbelief almost in spite of itself, and which acutely feels what one of the writers to the *Daily Telegraph* aptly calls the "tragedy of unbelief." "Take the people," says X,¹ ". . . who do care. They strive towards the best light they know. They are religious by instinct, but sceptical by intelligence towards all the systems of all the sects. The tender and gracious visions of belief fade, fade, fade in the relentless light of modern investigation. We are losing that by which existence was transfigured and the strength of the

¹ *Daily Telegraph*, September 30th.

world inspired. Slowly and fatally ebbs the unreturning tide of real and living faith in unnumbered spirits, whom that deprivation leaves alone upon a shore stretching dry and desolate. . . . What the orthodox think it necessary to talk about is the iniquity of unbelief. Nay, the problem with which they ought to deal is the tragedy of unbelief." Whether, in these days, we are so apt, as this writer imagines, to confine ourselves to denunciations of the iniquity of unbelief, may well be doubted, but it is true that the tragedy of unbelief is what should chiefly engage our attention, for it is from this, from the sense of the fearful void which unbelief creates in the soul, that the returning process, if it is to be, will have to commence. The heart cries out for a food which the intelligence would gladly give it, and it is but a step from this for the intelligence to question whether the piteous appeal from the heart may not be the cry of outraged nature, and whether therefore the fields of faith which once supplied the needed food may not have been too rashly abandoned as uncultivable.

And then there is another point to which this same writer has referred, and which may serve to confirm such an intelligence in its suspicions that it has been too hasty in abandoning Christian faith. It has indeed been claimed by some, that the morals of a people are independent of its religion and subsist unharmed when the latter dies away, and one writer¹ is even bold enough to maintain that they improve with the separation. But that is not the opinion entertained by more judicious observers, nor is it the fact. It was the Christian faith which so largely cleansed the ancient world, and in these days of its alarming decadence, the signs of a coming collapse of morals are too clearly discernible. Of course natural temperament will preserve many, and even cause some to continue the spectacle of bright examples to their neighbours. But the general level of moral tone will subside, and must not the pre-vision of this sequel tend to confirm a man, already half convinced by the void in his own heart, in the conviction that the faith of his childhood is intimately bound up with the pursuit of good in the world?

Still even when a man has got thus far on the returning path it would be irrational to expect him to recover at once his former belief¹ in the Christian Creed. His intellect remains to be convinced that the system which, as he now perceives,

¹ "Searcher," in the *Daily Telegraph* for October 11th.

has such salutary effects is also the very truth of God, and not rather a beneficial delusion. Doubtless the mere fact that it makes so powerfully for good creates the strongest presumption that it is founded on truth. Nevertheless a penetrative mind may feel that it requires some more direct evidence of the truth of the system and its creed, to convert the presumption into a really satisfying proof. The great difficulty for this class of modern minds is that some of the primary articles of the Christian Creed appear to them to conflict with their primary conceptions of divine justice and goodness, or with the Scripture record, or the known course of history, or the ascertained results of physical science. And they feel that they must have satisfaction on these points before they can regain their faith. As Catholics we must acknowledge that they are intelligible in taking up this position; we would only suggest to them that they should seek more carefully to ascertain what are the real Christian doctrines in regard to these supposed conflicts with otherwise established certainties—what, for instance, are the real Christian doctrines on Predestination, on Original Sin, on the Atonement, on Inspiration, so as not to confound these with the rigid Calvinistic doctrines in which they were perhaps brought up; and likewise should seek more carefully to ascertain what is clearly proven and what is pure theory in the current opinions on science and history.

S. F. S.

The Month's Mind.

A LEGACY FROM POPE ST. GREGORY THE GREAT.

ALTHOUGH now seldom, if ever, heard on the lips of English speakers, the phrase "to have a month's mind," in the sense of ardent desire, has a place in English literature and not so very long ago was in familiar conversational use. The latest example I have seen occurs in Lockhart's *Life of Sir Walter Scott*, where a passage is quoted from the novelist's diary with the words: "I had a month's mind—but was afraid of the newspapers."¹ At an earlier date it would be possible to find instances in abundance. Few of the burlesque rhymes of Hudibras sound more foolish to modern ears than that of the distich containing the same phrase :

For if a trumpet sound or drum beat
Who hath not a month's mind to combat?²

So in the Elizabethan prose treatise, *Euphues and his England*, we read :

These verses Euphues sent also under his glasse, which having finished he gave himself to his booke, determining to end his life in Athens, although he had a month's mind to England.

And of the numerous instances which the dramatists of the same epoch might supply, it will be sufficient to mention that which occurs in the *Two Gentlemen of Verona*,³ where Julia says to her maid in reference to certain coveted letters :

I see you have a month's mind to them.

The meaning of strong desire which is common to these and all other quotable instances of the phrase is quite unmistakable, and it has puzzled our philologists not a little how to deduce this later acceptation from the earlier ecclesiastical

¹ Chapter 68.

² *Hudibras*, i. 2, III. Probably *beat* was pronounced *bait* at that epoch, which renders the rhyme somewhat less impossible than it looks now.

³ Shakespeare, *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, Act i. sc. 3.

use of the words. Probably light will come with the publication of the corresponding section of the great Historical English Dictionary. In the meantime some authorities have suggested that a month's mind being a celebration of the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass for thirty successive days includes in its connotation a certain idea of importunity. "I have a mind to this or that" was undoubtedly a phrase in common use in the English of the early sixteenth century. Hence "I have a month's mind to this or that" might easily come to be employed as a quasi-humorous intensitive. The progress of the Reformation in sweeping away foundations for Masses would before long have destroyed all consciousness of the original derivation, and the words would have become a mere formula caught up from the lips of the elders, like so many of our most familiar expressions, and passing from one to another without any analysis of its meaning.

A difficulty which may be urged against this view is one that brings me to the subject of my present paper. It will no doubt be objected, and with good reason, that a month's mind meant not thirty Masses, but a single commemorative service celebrated in memory of the deceased, a month after death. Undoubtedly there is a great deal of evidence to suggest this. For instance, if we take the title of one of the most famous of Blessed John Fisher's sermons: "A Mornynge Remembrance had at the Moneth Minde of the Noble Prynces Margarete, Countesse of Richmond and Darbye,"¹ it must be obvious that this discourse was delivered on one occasion only, and not every day for thirty days; and the same must be said of a passage in Blessed Thomas More's *Supplicacion of Soules*: "Then devised we some doctor to make a sermon at our masse in our monthes mind, and there preache to our prayse with some fond fantasy devised of our name."²

None the less, it might be urged that this was only a limited and specialized use of the term. The phrase *month's mind* at the beginning of the sixteenth century was no doubt commonly used of the final Mass of the series of thirty celebrations, but may not this be explained by the fact that the concluding service was held amid circumstances of exceptional solemnity? Those, it is suggested, who wished to express themselves

¹ We learn, however, from her will that a solemn Mass of requiem was to be celebrated uninterruptedly "by the terme of xxx daies next ensuyng our said interment." (Nichols, *Collection of Blood-Royal Wills*, p. 364.)

² Sir Thomas More, *Works* (London, 1557), p. 335 F.

without ambiguity spoke of the month *day*¹ and not of the month's mind when there was any danger of their meaning being mistaken. It is by no means necessary to suppose that the celebration of the thirtieth day only took place when Masses had been said continuously during the time intervening. But Polydore Vergil² seems to supply evidence for the special prevalence in England of a continuous celebration for thirty days. "Amongst the Jews," he writes, "the period of mourning was terminated in thirty days, and this practice prevails also among the English." So in 1558 in the churchwarden's accounts of St. Helen's, Abingdon, we find this entry, "At the burial of Agnes Tesdale for 18 tapers, two torches and the paule, 3 shillings. More for Agnes Tesdale for two tapers every day and nyghte by all the monethe, 31 shillings and 8 pence."³

Or to take a much earlier instance, the will of Thomas Windsor, 1479, directs :

Item I will that there be three priests and three clerks, after the discretion of my executors to sing by note in the church of Stanwell placebo and dirige and Mass of requiem *every day during thirty days* next after my decease.⁴

Would this last arrangement in the early sixteenth century have commonly been described as a *month's mind*? I must own that, contrary to the opinion of the late Mr. Edmund Waterton and other authorities, it seems clear to me that it would not. The month's mind was the "mensiversary," a single celebration at the month's end. None the less it is impossible not to connect this solemn commemoration made thirty days after the decease of the person for whom the holy Sacrifice is offered with the widely known practice of providing "Trentals," which consisted of thirty Masses said on successive days for any departed soul. This latter observance seems unquestionably to have had its rise in an incident recorded as a personal experience in the famous *Dialogues* of St. Gregory the Great. Even though the name St. Gregory's trentals may have only come into fashion in the latter part of the Middle

¹ Churchwarden's Accounts, Bishop Stortford, 1520: "Item of the executors of Wm. Bardene for waste of torches at the buriall and month day of the said William."

² Bk. vi. c. 9.

³ *Archæologica*, vol. i. p. 13.

⁴ *Testamenta Vetusta*, p. 353. The same provision of a daily Mass to be sung every day for a month occurs in the will of his son Andrew Lord Windsor, 1543. (*Ibidem*, p. 698.)

Ages, and though the specifying of certain particular Masses supposed to be particularly efficacious seems to have been of later date still, nevertheless the insistence upon the number thirty and the prominence given to the incident leave little doubt that the episode in the *Dialogues* originally suggested the idea. The story is rather long, but it deserves to be quoted entire. So I take it as it stands in the quaint English translation which was made by a certain P. W. and dedicated to Queen Anne of Denmark in 1608. The passage occurs in chapter 55 of the fourth book of the *Dialogues*.

Here also [says St. Gregory] I cannot but tell you that which happened three years since in my own monastery. A certain monk there was, called Justus, one very cunning in physic; and whilst I remained in the abbey he served me very diligently, attending upon me in my frequent infirmities and sicknesses. This man himself at length fell sore sick, so that in very deed he was brought to the last cast. A brother he had, called Copiosus, that had care of him, who yet liveth. Justus perceiving himself past all hope of life, told this brother of his where he had secretly laid up three crowns of gold; but yet they were not so closely covered that they could be concealed from the monks: for they, carefully seeking, and tossing up all his medicines and boxes, found in one of them these three crowns hidden. Which thing so soon as I understood, very much grieved I was, and could not quietly digest so great a sin at his hands that lived with us in community; because the rule of my monastery was that all the monks thereof should so live in common, that none in particular might possess anything proper to himself. Being, therefore, much troubled and grieved at that which had happened, I began to think with myself what was best to be done, both for the soul of him that was now dying, and also for the edification and example of those that were yet living. At length I sent for Pretiosus, Prior of the monastery, and gave him this charge: "See (quoth I) that none of our monks do so much as visit Justus in this his extremity; neither let any give him any comfort at all; and when his last hour draweth nigh, and he doth desire the presence of his spiritual brethren, let his carnal brother tell him that they do all detest him for the three crowns which he had hidden; that at least before his death, sorrow may wound his heart, and purge it from the sin committed; and when he is dead, let not his body be buried amongst the rest of the monks, but make a grave for him in some dunghill or other, and there cast it in, together with the three crowns which he left behind him, crying out with joint voice: 'Thy money be with thee unto perdition;' and so put earth upon him." In either of which things my mind and desire was, both to help him that was leaving the world, and also to edify the monks yet remaining behind, that both grief of death might make him pardonable for his sin, and such a severe

sentence against avarice might terrify and preserve them from the like offence: both which, by God's goodness, fell out accordingly: for when the aforesaid monk came to die, and carefully desired to be commended to the devotion of his brethren, and yet none of them did visit him, or so much as speak to him; his brother Copiosus told him for what cause they had all given him over: at which words he straightway sighed for his sin, and in that sorrow gave up the ghost. And after his death, he was buried in that manner as I had given in commandment: by which fact all the monks were so terrified that they began each one to seek out the least and basest things in their cells, and which by the rule they might lawfully keep; and very much they feared lest something they had for which they might be blamed.

Thirty days after his departure, I began to take compassion upon him, and with great grief to think of his punishment, and what means there was to help him: whereupon I called again for Pretiosus, Prior of my monastery, and with a heavy heart spake thus unto him: "It is now a good while since our brother which is departed remaineth in the torments of fire, and therefore we must show him some charity, and labour what we may to procure his deliverance: wherefore go your way, and see that for thirty days following sacrifice be offered for him, so that no one day pass, in which for his absolution and discharge the healthful sacrifice be not offered:" who forthwith departed, and put my commandment in execution. In the meantime, my mind being busied about other affairs, so that I took no heed to the days, how they passed; upon a certain night the same monk that was dead appeared to his brother Copiosus, who, seeing him, inquired of his state in this manner: "What is the matter, brother, and how is it with you?" to whom he answered thus: "Hitherto have I been in bad case, but now I am well; for this day have I received the Communion:"¹ with which news Copiosus straightway coming to the monastery, told the monks; and they, diligently counting the days, found it to be that in which the thirtieth sacrifice was offered for his soul: and so, though neither Copiosus knew what the monks had done for him, nor they what he had seen concerning the state of his brother, yet at one and the same time both he knew what they had done, and they what he had seen; and so the sacrifice and vision agreeing together, apparent it was that the dead monk was by the holy sacrifice delivered from his pains.

The story thus told clearly made a considerable impression. The Whitby monk, who before the close of the eighth century compiled the Latin Life of St. Gregory which has recently been edited by Abbot Gasquet,² incorporates in his narrative

¹ The Latin is *quia hodie communionem recepi*. Bishop Wærferth's Anglo-Saxon translation seems to be right in rendering this: "forthon the todæg ic onfeng than gemanan," *i.e.*, "because to-day I received fellowship," or "was admitted to reconciliation."

² See THE MONTH, October, 1904, pp. 337—353.

a brief summary of the incident. Indeed, it would be more correct to say that he makes a casual reference to it in passing, as one would do who was assured that the story was already familiar to his readers.

Who [he says] would not also be astounded at the great efficacy of his (Gregory's) apostolic gift of binding and loosing, not in its application to the living only, but also as regards the dying and those already subjected to the torments of the nether world?¹ And that we while yet alive may refresh our memory of this to our spiritual profit,² he has recorded also in his historical writings many miracles about the passing of souls. For by way of punishment for three gold pieces which had been secreted, against the rule of his monastery, he bound the dying infirmarian while yet on earth, nay even in the realms below.³ Whereby for edification's sake he struck appallingly a mighty terror into the hearts of the living, and afterwards both mercifully and powerfully, seeing that "its gates should not prevail against him," he loosed the man by the oblation of that Victim who was "free among the dead";⁴ and that he was loosed by this means through his intermediary the man showed in Heaven on the thirtieth day.

When the story was thus made widely known,⁵ it is not surprising that we should at an early period come upon traces of a special practice of celebrating Masses for thirty days continuously, with a view to the relief of those recently departed. Naturally England, which had such good reason for devotion to St. Gregory, was one of the first countries to set the example. It would probably be rash to build any inferences upon the frequent mention of Mass *in die trigesima* which meets us in the so-called Penitential of Theodore, Archbishop of Canterbury. There is good reason to believe that the institution of a special rite for the Mass said for the dead on the third, seventh, and thirtieth day, is older than St. Gregory's time.⁶ Again, the *Liber de Divinis Officiis*, which

¹ "Atque sub divino infernali examine constitutos." This may mean Hell, and may include a reference to the Trajan story, for which the Whitby Life is our earliest authority. But the writer may also use the term *infernus* to cover both Hell and Purgatory.

² "Quod (ut) ad nostram adhuc viventes relegamus utilitatem."

³ "Morientem medicum adhuc in terra immo ligavit in inferno." *In inferno* should perhaps be translated *tout simplement* hell, particularly in view of the "portæ eius" which follows.

⁴ Ps. lxxxvii. 6.

⁵ The story is also told in detail in the Life by John the Deacon. Moreover, the whole of the *Dialogues* were translated into Anglo-Saxon at the request of Alfred the Great, by Bishop Wærferth of Worcester.

⁶ See the learned and important treatise of Dr. Karl Eberle, *Der Tricenarius des Heiligen Gregorius*, p. 27.

is attributed to Alcuin, cannot be treated as his authentic work, or as bearing any reliable witness to the religious usages which prevailed in England at the beginning of the ninth century. None the less, it is noteworthy that the author of this compilation, when discussing the "Mass for the thirtieth day," provided amongst other Masses for the dead, makes direct reference to the story of Justus in the *Dialogues* of St. Gregory, and after briefly recapitulating it, remarks: "This salutary custom therefore has grown familiar" (*hac ergo salutifera inolevit consuetudo*). But apart from these references, it still seems that the earliest allusion to the practice of thirty continuous Masses after death is probably an English one. The matter is by no means certain, for the text of our only manuscript is very corrupt; but the tenth chapter of the Acts of the Council of Celchyth, held by Archbishop Wulfred of Canterbury in 816, appears to include the celebration of a daily Mass among the observances prescribed for thirty days after the death of any bishop.¹ What is open to no doubt is the clear injunction that there should be some sort of feasting on the thirtieth day, when the period for these special suffrages, which included fasts, was over. The good cheer, it was directed, should be of the same kind as was customary on the feasts of the Apostles.² In certain Continental monastic statutes of very slightly later date the requirements were much more specific. The Chapter of St. Martin's of Tours in 822 enacted that when any monk died, they were to sing a Mass of requiem for him daily at the high altar, for thirty days uninterruptedly, after the capitulum of Prime, while two or three of the brethren were each day to fast on bread and water until evening, and if they drank any wine, they were to give to the poor the price of what was so taken.³

From this time forward we find what are in substance the same regulations repeated in one monastery after another. To take an English example or two, the *Concordia Regularis* of St. Æthelwold (*c. 980*) declares that during the thirty days after the death of any monk each priest is privately to say Mass for him every day,⁴ and in Ælfric's adaptation of this rule⁵ we are

¹ Haddan and Stubbs, iii. p. 584, "et xxx diebus canonice horis expleto synaxeo at vii beltidum *Pater noster* pro eo cantetur."

² "Tricesima item die obitus sui tam bene reficiantur sicut in cuiuslibet apostolorum natali die refici soleant." (Haddan and Stubbs, iii. p. 584.)

³ Eberle, *Der Tricenarius des Heiligen Gregorius*, p. 21.

⁴ Reyner, *Apost. Benedict. in Anglia*, Append. p. 93. It should be remembered that at that period a priest might say more than one Mass in the day.

⁵ *Winchester Comptul Roll*, Edit. Kitchen, p. 193.

told that "each priest should devoutly celebrate thirty Masses for the soul of the deceased brother, and the other brothers should help him therein as far as they can. But on the thirtieth day they shall sing the night office of the dead in full, and celebrate the first (or public) Mass for the same intention, at which all shall make an offering for him."

Still more clearly speak the Observances of the Augustinian Priory at Barnwell (*c. 1295*).

§ 51. *Of St. Gregory's Trental.*

When the death of any brother or of any other person for whom St. Gregory's trental ought to be celebrated has been announced, the name of one of the older brethren is to be placed on the board, according to the selection of the Precentor, to say each particular Mass on a certain day, and so day by day successively and in order, until the aforesaid dead person shall have his thirty Masses. And this Mass is not to be interrupted for any feast, until thirty days are fully completed. The priest for the week (*hebdomadarius*) ought not to be put down on the board for this Mass, until he have completed his spell of duty. When the thirty days are over the Precentor is to announce to the brethren in Chapter that St. Gregory's trental is completed, and that the soul ought to be absolved [*i.e.*, the absolutions for the dead are to be read].¹

The reader will perceive from this that St. Gregory's trental consisted, at least originally, of an uninterrupted series of thirty daily Masses. In the earlier centuries this prayer was accompanied by more or less of fasting, the expense so saved being in some way distributed to the poor. Moreover, the celebration of the thirtieth day seems to have been attended by certain solemnities which probably involved extra indulgence in the way of food. In any case the contrast of the full meal after the fasting fare must have been a welcome relief, and will have induced a certain sense of festivity.

This was the simple and primitive trental of St. Gregory, but it would seem that in the later Middle Ages various more or less fantastic developments were introduced. In particular the thirty Masses constituting the trental were specified according to certain local usages and offered in honour of different devotional intentions. The Sarum custom was so far approved by authority that a rubric explaining the details was introduced into the Missal and retained in the printed

¹ *Observances of Augustinian Priory of Barnwell (c. 1295).* Edit J. W. Clarke, p. 221.

editions. There were to be three Masses of the Nativity of our Lord, three of the Epiphany, three of the Purification of our Blessed Lady, three of her Annunciation, three of our Lord's Resurrection, three of His Ascension, three of Pentecost, three of the Holy Trinity, three of the Assumption of our Lady, and three of her Nativity. I cannot resist the conviction that these were in the beginning intended to be votive Masses, but according to the Sarum rubric, which probably represents the practice of the fifteenth century, the thirty Masses had to be celebrated throughout the year within the octave of the feasts specified, while on the other hand all kinds of adventitious usages were imported into the scheme. Thus it was necessary to say every day for a twelvemonth *Placebo* and *Dirige*, with nine psalms and nine lessons and nine anthems, except during Paschal-time, when three lessons sufficed. For remembering the scheme of Masses some rude couplets of doggerel verse were devised in this form :

These ben the chief feasts ten
That succour the souls that ben from heaven,
Whoso sayeth these Masses without fail
For sinful souls they shall avail;
All the year withouten trayne [delay]
They deliver a soul out of pain.
Let say these Masses by your hestes
Within the utas [octave] of the festes.¹

But there can be no question that this fantastic arrangement was not always followed. It is extremely common to find it stipulated in old wills that a trental of Masses should be said by different priests upon one special day, e.g., the day of burial or again within the interval of a week.² In either case the original idea of the Gregorian trental was entirely lost sight of. None the less the primitive arrangement of thirty Masses during thirty consecutive days, as we have seen, was also adhered to in some cases, and it may be interesting to quote a conspicuous instance from the fifteenth century will of Sir Richard Chokke. The document is particularly worthy of note from the fact that the day of burial seems to be distinguished

¹ See Hampson's *Calendarium*, ii. p. 139.

² Similar directions often occur in the gild ordinances of the fourteenth century. The London gild of St. Catherine provides that "when a brother or sister be dead, the wardens shall warn the friars minor that they come to the place where he shall be buried, and say there a *dirige*; and on the morrow to say a trent of Masses at the same freres. And the wardens shall pay them for their trouble." (*English Gilds* (E.E.T.S.) p. 8.)

from the "enterment," which last is apparently in this instance to be identified with the month's mind. After certain preliminaries the testator proceeds thus. I have partly modernized the spelling :

Also I will that mine expenses funeral be done honestly without pomp or cost after the sadde [sober] discretion of myn executors underwritten, and that there be given to every poor maid and woman coming to the said church of Ashton the day of my burying 1d. to pray for my soule.

Also I bequeath viii. iiid. to be distributed by my said executors the day of decease or else the day of my burying for c masses, then to be sung within and nigh about the town of Bristol for my soule and Christen soules, that is to say for every mass 1d.

Also I will that there be done dayly during xxx days next ensuing after my said decease, dirige and Masse for my soule solempnely and by note in the said church of Ashton after the discretion of my said executors, and that the priests and clerks being present and helping at my burying and at each of the said diriges and masses be rewarded after the discretion of myn executors.

Also I will that myn executors at the end of the said xxx days do to be holden myn enterment, and provide that there be had at the same xii torches and iiiii tapers of convenient weight the same xii torches to be holden by xii poor men some of them of my tenants and some of other . . .

Also I will that at the same myn enterment there be made convenient repaste of meat and drink to all those that then shall come to the same, and that there be given by myn executors to every poor man and woman coming to my said enterment 1d. to pray for my soule.¹

The provisions of the so-called "Trental of St. Gregory according to the use of Sarum," as described above, were apparently peculiar to this country, but other trentals are not unfrequently specified by different names in English wills. Thus it is not uncommon to find mention of "a trental as said at St. Sebastian in Rome." Eberle gives from a foreign Missal² a list of Masses of such a trental. A few entries will abundantly serve to show that the English ritual did not stand alone in its fantastic usages. The original is Latin :

The first mass of the said trental (*trentenarii*) ought to be of the first Sunday in Advent.

The 2nd of the Nativity.

The 3rd of St. Stephen the first Martyr.

¹ Weaver, F. W., *Somerset Mediæval Wills*, p. 239.

² *Missale Monasterii Attanacensis* (Ainay, near Lyons). See Eberle, p. 39.

The 4th of St. John Evang.
 The 5th of the Innocents.
 The 6th of the Epiphany.
 The 7th of the Octave of the Epiphany.
 The 8th of the Purification of our Lady.
 The 9th of Septuagesima.
 The 10th of the first Sunday in Lent.

In this way the whole year is gone through, including such saints' days as those of St. Mary Magdalene and St. Lawrence. The twenty-ninth Mass is to be of St. Gregory, and the last a Mass of the dead.

This altar of St. Sebastian *fuori le mure* was reckoned towards the close of the Middle Ages one of the most celebrated of the privileged altars in Rome,¹ and it was only eclipsed in popular favour by the altar of St. Gregory upon Mount Cœlius, held famous as the supposed site of the miraculous Mass of St. Gregory when he beheld the piteous figure of Christ and the symbols of the Passion.

But the history and fictitious indulgences of the Mass of St. Gregory, so familiar as a subject of mediaeval art, would require an article to itself. So I only delay here to note that in English wills trentals to be said "after the form of *Scala Celi*" (a chapel near the Tre Fontane by St. Paul's outside the walls) are of particularly frequent occurrence. There seems to have been a shrine at Westminster, which was a copy of the *Scala Celi* in Rome, and at which such Masses were said. Bale, the ex-Carmelite, satirizes these Masses more than once in his play, *King Johan*:

For legacyes, trentalls, with Scala Cely masses
 Whereby ye have made the people very asses.

Or again :

To sende me to heaven go ring the holy bell
 And syng for my sowle a masse of Scala Celi
 That I may clyme up aloft with Enoch and Heli.

To return, however, to the philological problems with which this paper opened, I am tempted to find the solution in the feasting and the generous doles with which it had become customary to celebrate the month's mind in the period immediately before the Reformation. As we have seen, this commemorating of the thirtieth day with more sumptuous fare seems to be traceable to the very beginning of the institution of

¹ See Barbier de Montault, *Oeuvres*, vol. iv. p. 129.

trentals. Naturally those who believed that in accordance with St. Gregory's wonderful story of the monk Justus, the work of atonement was completed on the morning of the thirtieth day, and that the suffering soul was by that time restored to bliss, had the most obvious reasons for a little harmless rejoicing. Moreover, the solemnity attached to this final Mass of deliverance, and, as already suggested, the very fact of the termination of the special fast must have served to mark the day as a joyful one. If the monks themselves did not fare better, the poor at least benefited by the generous alms distributed at the close of the trental. A singularly interesting English agreement made between certain bishops and abbots about the year 1020 links the primitive practice with the month's mind of the fifteenth century. On the death of any of the parties to the agreement it is stipulated that each of the rest

take heed to say xxx. Masses and xxx. evensongs and xxx. nocturns, and, in addition lx. Masses¹ or as many psalters, and set free one man for that soul, and feed one poor man from his table for xxx. days, giving him each day also one penny, and upon the xxx.th day let him wash as many poor men as he possibly can, and give all of them food and drink and help to clothe them if they require aught. May God recompense, as it seemeth best to Himself, those who with His help carry out this convention. Amen.²

It was not unnatural, therefore, that when such customs were transplanted from the cloister into the every-day life of the people, the largesse attending the "mensiversary" or month's mind was emphasized and exaggerated. It would be easy to quote endless illustrations of the sumptuousness of the repasts and the generosity of the doles provided in the early sixteenth century for these occasions. I content myself here with an extract or two from the will of Robert Fabyan the chronicler, a citizen of London whose testament was drafted in 1511. After the usual preliminaries, he gives the following directions:

And ayenst my Moneths Mynde I will be ordeyned at the said Churche competent brede, ale, pieces of beffe and moton, and rost rybbys of beffe as shall be thought nedefull by the discretion of myn Executrice for all comers to the said obsequy.

¹ The thirty Masses formed a trental, and were probably meant to be said continuously. The sixty others might be said at any time.

² W. de Gray Birch, *Hyde Register*, p. 47, from Cotton MS. *Titus*, D. xxvi. f. 17, b.

But it will be well to modernize the spelling :

And furthermore I will that my said Executrix do purvey against the said month's mind xxiiii pieces of beaf and mutton, and xxiiii treen¹ platters and xxiiii treen spoons ; the which pieces of flesh with the said platters and spoons with xxiiii pence of silver I will be given unto xxiiii poor persons of the said parish of Theydon Garnon if within that parish so many may be found.

The testator provides for all emergencies ; so he goes on :

And if my said month's mind fall in lent or upon a fish day then I will that the said xxiiii pieces of flesh be altered unto salt fish or stock fish unwatered and unsodden, and that every piece of beaf or mutton, salt fish or stock fish be well in value of a penny or halfpenny at the least, and that no dinner be purveyed for at home but for my household and kinsfolks ; and I will that my knell be rung at my month's mind after the guise of London. Also I will that myn Executrix do assemble upon the said day of month's mind xii of the poorest manrys children of the aforesaid parish, and after the Mass is ended and other observances, the said children to be ordered (arranged) about my grave, and there kneeling, to say for my soul and all Christian souls *De profundis* as many of them as can, and the residue to say a *Pater noster* and an *Ave* only ; to the which xii children I will be given xiii pence, that is to mean, to that child that beginneth *De profundis* and saith the preces iid., and to each of the other id.²

Many of the more sincerely devout among the testators of that epoch perceived clearly enough the ostentation which lurked beneath the elaborate hospitalities of the month's mind, and they set their faces steadily against all extravagant expenditure. Here, for instance, is a passage from an Essex will which brings into strong prominence the distinction between the *trental* and the *month's mind*. The testator declares that he will have no month's mind, but yet he provides for a series of thirty Masses to be said daily after his decease. It is obvious that by the *month's mind* he is thinking primarily of the funeral baked meats.

I will ther be kept no monthes mynde for me, but I will that every day within the said month be said by some honest priest within the church where I am buryed a dirige and masse of requiem for my soule and Christen soules. Item, I will that within the said monthes mynd be delivryrd to every house of freres within the shere of Essex x d. to my dirige and mass of requiem for my soul and all Christen soules.

¹ Wooden, *i.e.*, made of a tree.

² *Testamenta Vetera*, pp. 502, 503. Robert Fabyan, 1511.

Also I will that myn executors kepe my monethes mynde in Layer Marney, at which time I will have said a Trentall of masses and dirige, other there or ellswhere,—but as many as may be said there I will shall be doon and said there.¹

Similarly Edward Brooke, Esq., in 1545, declares :

And the poor people to have warning that they come not to my month's mind, for there shall be nothing prepared for them ; nevertheless I will meat and drink be prepared for my neighbours that cometh thither. And as for the poor householders not to be at dinner at my month's mind, my will is that 20s. in money be bestowed at my month's mind on this manner following ; that is to say every poor householder of the parish to have 4d.—the man 2d. and the wife 2d., in recompence of their dinners, and the rest of the said 20s., if any be, to be given accordingly to my poor neighbours householders nigh unto, at the discretion of my wife.²

And Thomas d'Arcy, Esquire, in 1484 :

(I will) that myn enterment and monethes mynd be kept honestly according to my degree, being against making any great dinner or common dole at the same for pompe and pride of the world, but I will that myn executors underwritten spend my goods in rewarding of priests, clerks and children helping to do dyvine service at the said enterment and moneth mynd, and to poor people praying for my soule at the same, and in wax, ringing of bells and other costs accoostimyd to such enterment and monethes mynd x poundes sterlyng.³

So again Charles, Earl of Worcester, in 1524, directs :

I will that no month's mind dinner shall be kept for me but only an obit of an hundred Masses to be said for me at Windsor and other places where my executors shall appoint.⁴

In my view then the dominant idea which at this period attached to the month's mind in the popular imagination was that of a big function and profuse hospitality.⁵ In Ireland, which remained true to old religious traditions, the name has lingered on in something of its former acceptation even to the present time, and it is interesting to notice the terms in which Sir Henry Piers, in his *Description of West Meath* (1682), explains how "after the day of interment of a great personage

¹ *Notes and Queries*, 5 S. vii. p. 29.

² *Essex Archaeolog. Society Transactions*, iv. p. 66.

³ *Essex Archaeolog. Society Transactions*, iv. p. 3. ⁴ *Testamenta Vetusta*, p. 623.

⁵ No doubt this implies a certain degeneration of meaning, but the degeneration is not so great as has, for instance, come about in the word *wake*, which originally meant the vigils, or night office, celebrated beside the corpse.

they count four weeks, and that day four weeks all priests and friars and all gentry far and near are invited to a great feast usually termed the month's mind." Indeed, the word *feast* itself suggests a very similar history. But if this were so the burlesque use of the phrase to express a strong desire seems to me very natural. If one said, "I have a mind to a holiday," it would be quite intelligible that his neighbour should cap it humorously by saying "I have a month's mind to a holiday." It is no doubt difficult to find an exact parallel, but one may recall the misuse of such words as *coronation* or *jubilee* as mere intensives. I believe that the introduction of month's mind in the sense of strong desire has sprung from a very similar instinct.

HERBERT THURSTON.

*The English Bar.*¹

ADDRESSING myself to the subject of this paper, and contemplating the Bar as an institution, what strikes me as its most interesting and remarkable characteristic is its conservatism, as shown in the unbroken continuity of its traditions and of its peculiar spirit from a remote past to the present time. We do not know very much of the beginning of the Bar in this country. It has always been intimately connected with the Inns of Court. But the origin of the Inns of Court is obscure. As early as the beginning of the fourteenth century we read of sergeants and apprentices at law, or in other words barristers, as distinguished from attorneys. The distinction continues to the present day. The attorney (or solicitor) is the recognized agent who acts for the client in legal affairs. Thus, in a similar sense, a written authority given by one man to another to transact business for him is called "a power of attorney."

In the ancient courts of law, the King's Bench, the Common Pleas and Exchequer, a suitor appeared in all formal proceedings by his attorney. In the Court of Chancery, he appeared by his solicitor. When the Judicature Act was passed some thirty years ago, its form having been largely controlled by lawyers belonging to the Chancery side of the profession, the ancient and respectable title of "attorney" was abolished, and all attorneys became solicitors. The attorney or solicitor was the legal agent of the litigant, and like any other agent was entitled to be paid for his services. The barrister was rather the friend called in to advise, to stand by the client in court and to assist him as his advocate. He might receive an *honorarium*, which may in the old days have been dropped into that curious bag which still hangs on the back of a barrister's gown, and is said to be a purse. But the barrister could not, and cannot now, claim or recover at law any remuneration for his services. In this sense they are gratuitous. The barrister, however, is not bound to appear

¹ A paper read before the Newman Society at Oxford in the Lent Term, 1904.

for the client. According to an immemorial practice a barrister may, after a writ has been issued, be retained by any of the parties to the action. This is done by handing to the barrister's clerk a small fee, accompanied by a memorandum of the retainer. According to the rule, as usually understood—although as to this there may perhaps be some difference of opinion—the barrister cannot refuse the retainer; but the retainer does not oblige him to accept a brief from, or act for, the retaining client at the trial. It prevents him, however, from appearing for the other side.

According to what is probably the generally accepted view, there is one case, and one case only, in which the barrister is bound to act for a client. If a prisoner in the dock asks any counsel present in court to defend him, and hands to him the sum of £1 3s. 6d., the counsel so retained is bound to undertake his defence. This by a very ancient tradition is, and has been from time immemorial, recognized by the Bar as a duty which the profession owes to the public.¹

Returning to the time of Edward I., we find the ancient courts of law already established at Westminster, where the Judges sat in the King's Bench, Common Pleas and Exchequer, with barristers and attorneys practising before them. In earlier days the Judges had generally been clerics, but in the fourteenth century they appear to have been more usually laymen, and the practice had already begun of selecting Judges from amongst the members of the Bar.

In the reign of Edward III., we read of the "hostels," or "Inns" in which the students and apprentices of the law resided; and we find a vivid picture of the life and work of the Inns of Court about the middle of the fifteenth century in the book which,² the Lord Chief Justice, Sir John Fortescue, wrote for Edward Prince of Wales, son of King Henry VI. He explains how the laws of England could not be conveniently taught in the Universities where only the Latin tongue was exercised, whereas the laws of England had to be learned in three several tongues, to wit the English tongue, the French tongue, and the Latin tongue; and he says that for this reason and others (in the quaint language of the old translation) a place of study had been set apart for the study of the laws

¹ This rule does not apply to King's Counsel, who have a general retainer for the Crown, and cannot defend in Crown cases without a licence from the Crown.

² *De Laudibus Legum Anglie.*

nigh to the King's Courts, where the same laws were pleaded and argued and judgments by the same given by Judges, men of gravity, ancient in years, perfect and graduate in the same laws.

Perhaps I may be allowed to quote a few lines from his well-known description of the Inns of Court.

This place of study [he says] is set between the place of the said courts and the City of London, which of all things necessary is the plentifullest of all the cities and towns of the realm. So that the said place of study is not situate within the City where the confluence of people might disturb the quietness of the students, but somewhat several in the suburbs of the same city, and nigher to the Courts, that the students may daily at their pleasure have access and recourse thither without weariness.

It is interesting to notice that in the time of Chief Justice Fortescue the attendance of students at the Courts was regarded as an essential part of their legal education. And until quite recent times it was the custom for students and the younger members of the Bar to sit in court attending to the conduct of cases and taking notes of the decisions of the Judges. But there is reason to think that during the past thirty years this custom has been falling gradually into neglect, and is now, as a regular part of a barrister's training, almost wholly abandoned, not without disadvantage to students and to the profession. Fortescue's account of the Inns of Court and Inns of Chancery has been so often quoted that it is unnecessary to dwell upon it here at any length. Summing up his account of the student's life at an Inn of Court he says that "on the working days most of them apply themselves to the study of the law, and on the holy days to the study of Holy Scripture: and out of the time of Divine Service to the reading of chronicles."

The most remarkable change perhaps in the history of the Bar was the practical abandonment by the Inns of Court in the seventeenth century of their ancient methods of teaching and "exercises of learning." The old system depended essentially upon the active assistance of the most learned and experienced members of the profession. In consequence of this the work of teaching was done for the most part not in Term time but in the Lent and autumn vacations, which were called the learning vacations. Every night after supper there were moots or arguments in Hall upon set cases, which were conducted, with all the forms in use in the King's Courts, before the Readers

and senior barristers or Benchers of the Inn, who acted as Judges. The Benchers indeed, who formed the governing body of the Inn, took their name from the bench upon which they sat on these occasions. The Readers were barristers selected annually as the most capable to deliver readings or lectures during the learning vacations. The subject of the reading was usually some Statute. Lyttelton read on the Statute *De donis conditionalibus*; his learned commentator, Coke, read more than a century later on the Statute of Uses. And his great rival Bacon read at Gray's Inn upon the same Statute. Sir Thomas More, whom we now revere as Blessed, was Reader at Furnival's Inn, according to Roper, for three years and more, and was twice Reader at Lincoln's Inn. Furnival's Inn was one of the Inns of Chancery at which the younger students resided before going to an Inn of Court.

There can be no doubt that the public explanation and discussion by able and eminent practising barristers of statutes which introduced changes in the law were of great value not only to students and barristers, but also to the Judges of the King's Courts. However, the old methods of legal education imposed a heavy burden upon busy men and upon men who were becoming busier with the growth of the population and trade and wealth of the country. From the latter part of the eighteenth century the system began to decay and to lose its reality and life. It is very probable that this was partly due to the increasing use of printed books for the purpose of teaching and study. The library was beginning to take the place of the lecture-hall. Thus we find early in the sixteenth century, a certain John Nethersale of Lincoln's Inn leaving a sum of money to the Inn for the rebuilding of the library, "to the increase of learning and study of the law," and upon the condition that the chaplain of the Inn should say every Friday for ever a *Requiem* Mass, and before the *Lavabo* at every such Mass should say the *De profundis* for the repose of the soul of the said John Nethersale.

The Judges, supported by the Privy Council and the Crown, did their best to uphold what were called the exercises of learning, but in defiance of repeated rules and orders the ancient methods were allowed to fall into disuse, and were, I think, finally extinguished in the trouble and disorder caused by the great Civil War of the seventeenth century. An attempt was made to revive them after the Restoration, but without

success. It is said that the last Reading was in the Middle Temple Hall by Sir Francis North, afterwards Lord Guildford, in the year 1672, when he was Solicitor General. If any one wishes to know more of this reading, which was upon the Statute of Fines, and of the feasting which accompanied it, and of the condition and manners of the Bar in the reign of Charles II., he should read Roger North's Life of his brother, the Lord Keeper Guildford. Roger North survived his brother and lived well into the eighteenth century. He left in manuscript a short discourse on the Study of the Laws, which was not published until nearly a hundred years after his death. His directions to students are in most of their details obsolete; but the profession has changed so little in its essential character, and he knew it so well and had studied it with so keen a power of observation and such shrewd common sense, that his general advice to the student for the Bar is almost as useful to-day as it was two hundred years ago. And like everything he wrote, it is well worth reading for its literary charm.

The history of the Bar during the eighteenth century may, I think, best be read in Lord Campbell's *Lives of the Chancellors*; and during the early part of the nineteenth century, in the very interesting Life of Lord Campbell himself, by his daughter, Mrs. Hardcastle.

And now, speaking of the period which is within the experience of one who was called to the Bar in the year 1868, it must be admitted that there have been important changes, at all events in the external conditions affecting the profession, and to a certain extent in the character of the Bar itself. In some respects the changes have been for the better. For instance, there is no doubt that the tone of Circuit life and manners thirty years ago was much coarser than it is to-day. But, perhaps, what the spirit and life of Circuit have gained in refinement, they may have lost to some extent in force. And the force was always exercised in the interests of upright and honourable conduct on the part of barristers, not only amongst themselves, but also as between themselves and their clients and the public. The increase of population and business in the great provincial towns, and the alterations in the Circuit system, have led to the creation of important "local Bars," with the result that practice at the Junior Bar has become almost exclusively local. That is to say, a young man who thinks that his best prospects of success are on Circuit, is practically

obliged to join a local Bar and reside in a provincial town ; and on the other hand, a young man who hopes to get into work in London, is almost compelled to abandon Circuit altogether. The disintegration of the Circuit system and the changes brought about and consequent upon the Judicature Acts, have had at least a tendency not altogether favourable to the maintenance of the traditions of the Bar. But the Bar has lived through this period of change. As the influence of the Circuit mess and its courts has become to some extent weakened, the authority of the General Council of the Bar, which is an institution of quite modern creation, has grown into an important disciplinary power ; and there is no reason to doubt that the standard of conduct universally recognized at the Bar, is as high at present as it ever has been in the past.

I should like to say a word or two upon certain attacks which have been and are, and probably always will be, made upon the profession of advocacy on ethical grounds. They may, perhaps, be briefly expressed in the proposition that it is the business of the barrister to make the worse appear the better reason. This imputation, however much it may appeal to the vulgar mind, is founded upon a complete misconception of the functions of an advocate. He appears before a Judge whose duty it is to determine as well as he can which is the worse and which is the better reason. Any one who has had experience as a Judge must know how important, and indeed essential, it is in the interests of justice that all that can be said should be said as effectively and forcibly as possible on the one side and on the other of the question which the Judge has to decide. The advocate is not the Judge. His business is to put forward on behalf of his client and to the best of his ability such arguments, upon questions whether of fact or of law, as in his judgment require consideration. In doing this, whether his client is right or wrong, he is assisting in the administration of justice. On the other hand, great injustice might be done if a rule were established that an advocate should not act for a client unless the advocate was satisfied that the client had a good case. Of course a barrister must not allow himself knowingly to be used as the instrument of fraud, as for instance by putting forward evidence which he knows to be false. Difficulties sometimes arise, and there are cases in which the barrister must decline to act for his client. But such cases very rarely occur. Ordinarily, and indeed almost always,

the advocate or barrister has simply his client's case placed before him. If there is a conflict as to the facts, he does not know who is right or who is wrong. He puts the case for his client before the Judge or Jury as forcibly as he can, but fairly and without misrepresentation. In the same way upon questions of law, he submits to the Judge the best arguments he can in support of his client's contention. This seems to present no ethical difficulty. And let me add as a merely practical rule, that those who have had experience at the Bar and on the Bench will agree, that in the best interests of his client an advocate should never put forward any argument, whether upon a question of law or fact, which he does not think really deserving of consideration. He may or may not in his own private judgment regard the argument as convincing, but as a matter at the lowest of policy and expediency, unless he thinks it honestly worthy of attention, he ought not to use it. But in this connection it may be mentioned as the result of some considerable experience at the Bar, that sometimes arguments which the advocate submits, believing them to be deserving of attention, though in his own mind he does not think them altogether satisfactory or conclusive, are accepted, and it may be assumed properly accepted, as convincing by the tribunal to which they are addressed. The advocate may be wrong in his personal and private opinion when it is against his client, just as he may be, and very often is, wrong in his opinion when it is in favour of his client. His business is (regardless of his private opinion) to put the case of his client fairly and to the best of his ability before the court. The ethics of the Bar upon this question are illustrated by the rule, that counsel in addressing a Judge or Jury should never say "I am of opinion," "I believe," but should say "I contend," or "I submit." It is scarcely necessary to add that the ordinary rules of right and wrong and of honourable conduct apply to the advocate as to everyone else. But the barrister has to remember that the worse may appear the better cause, and that he is not the Judge; and further that it is of importance in the interests of justice and proper administration of the law, that as between litigants the court should have the assistance of counsel representing each of the conflicting interests.

In conclusion, if the question were asked as to what are the advantages and disadvantages of the Bar as a profession for a young man who has to fight the battle of life for himself, the

answer should probably be something of this kind. In the first place it is certainly not true that the avenues to success at the Bar are open to those only who can command patronage or interest of some kind. Of course such advantages count for something, and in the case of a young man of ability for a good deal. But the Bar is a very open profession, in which there is always a demand for thoroughly competent men. On the other hand, it is true that many hard-working and able men fail at the Bar. And in some cases it is very difficult to say why they fail. It is a profession which calls for energy and industry, and still more for great patience and perseverance under conditions which are often disappointing and depressing. If a young man possesses these qualities, and has health, a sufficiently clear head, and a reasonable gift of speech, and if beyond and in addition to this he has a certain power, without which everything else is unavailing, which is very difficult to define, but which I may describe as the faculty of being practically useful, it is perhaps not going too far to say that he may with reasonable confidence hope for and expect success.

J. W.

The Catholic Conference, 1904.

THE Catholic Conference held under the auspices of the Catholic Truth Society has now become so recognized as an annual event that it may be of some interest to recall the circumstances of its inception. It was in the winter of 1887 that the present writer suggested to the President of the Catholic Truth Society, then Bishop of Salford, the desirability of holding some annual gathering which should on a small scale do for Catholics what the Church Congress had been doing with much success for the Church of England. Bishop Vaughan, always willing to promote the meeting together of Catholics for the discussion of affairs of general interest, welcomed the idea; the scheme was discussed at the Catholic Truth Society Committee, and a programme was drawn up and submitted to Cardinal Manning for his approval, as it was proposed to hold the first Conference in Westminster. All seemed to be going smoothly, and the draft of the Report presented at the annual meeting of the Catholic Truth Society in Low Week, 1888, contained an announcement of what was proposed. But it was manifest that there had been a misunderstanding somewhere: Cardinal Manning, speaking to one of the Honorary Secretaries before the meeting, did not remember that he had sanctioned the scheme; and Bishop Patterson, speaking on the Report, deprecated the departure from what he regarded as the Society's more legitimate work, and suggested that the proposal should be abandoned. His resolution was on the point of being adopted and the withdrawal of this portion of the Report was imminent, when it was proposed that the matter should be referred back to the Committee for further consideration. This was agreed to; but before the Committee met, the Secretaries waited upon the Bishop of Salford, who was still in sympathy with the proposal, and suggested that he should himself draw up a scheme and submit it to the Cardinal. This he willingly consented to do; his programme was

approved, and the first Conference was held in the Westminster Town Hall in the autumn of 1888. It was afterwards ascertained that the Cardinal's objection to the original plan was on account of the presence of educational matters among the points put forward for discussion. This now seems strange, seeing that education has held a prominent place in all recent Conferences. But there was undoubtedly a certain uneasiness in high quarters as to the outcome of public discussions in which both clergy and laity should take part; and it will be remembered that at the first two or three Conferences the President requested the press not to report the discussions.

The Westminster Conference was chiefly notable because it was the first of its kind. It was not largely attended—indeed, of all places, the metropolis is the worst for such gatherings, for events which are of importance in smaller towns, where distances are not so great and interests are more common, attract no attention in the aggregation of cities which we call London. But the Conference held the following year in Manchester was far more successful; and since that time the interest has not flagged, although the attendance has varied in different localities. The occasion has come to be recognized as the one at which important pronouncements were made by our leading authorities; and in choosing the Conference just held for a firm yet temperate utterance on the Education Act and its results, the Archbishop of Westminster has but followed in the steps of his predecessor.

It is sometimes suggested that something on a larger scale, at which every Catholic organization should be officially represented, should supersede the present Conferences—something corresponding to the "Congresses" of which we hear from time to time as being held in Catholic countries. It may be doubted whether the time is ripe for such a departure; it is certain that the various societies would not look on such a Congress as a substitution for their own annual gatherings, nor could the matters of special interest to them be adequately discussed there. Moreover, representatives of every Catholic body are welcomed at the Conference, and the subjects discussed are of common interest. The reports of the Birmingham Conference in the *Momento* of Turin and in the Flemish *Gazet von Antwerpen* show that its representative character is fully recognized abroad: and any change in the present arrangements is hardly likely unless the Bishops express their wishes that such change

should be made. One of them indeed has already publicly announced his satisfaction with the Conferences as now existing. The Bishop of Salford, in a Pastoral Letter issued a fortnight before the Birmingham Conference, writes : "The Conference is by no means limited to the members of the Catholic Truth Society. It is an open platform for all our clergy and laity. Since the month of October, 1888, when the first Conference was held at Westminster, matters of the deepest interest to the Catholic Church in England have been on the programmes, and they have been treated and discussed by the ablest men and women among our clergy and laity. It was in the inaugural address at these annual Conferences that the late Cardinal found the golden opportunity of a platform from which he could address, with wonderful effect, year by year, not only the whole Catholic body, but even the entire public of the country, as his addresses were always fully reported in the London and provincial press."

Among the most successful of the Conferences¹ must undoubtedly be reckoned that held in Birmingham in 1890, which was remarkable for the unique feature of the Ecclesiastical Exhibition that formed part of its attractions, and which, like the Conference itself, owed very much to the indefatigable energy and method of Canon Greaney. Each Conference has certain characteristics, readily noticeable by those who have attended them all ; some one feature stands out and seems to give a special tone to the gathering ; and I think, when comparing notes, we have been accustomed to speak of the Birmingham gathering of 1890 as the pleasantest of our meetings—a compliment only qualified by the practical mind of our then Treasurer, who was wont to point out that it was attended by hardly any appreciable increase in the number of members.

It was further remarkable for the reception of the Committee of the Catholic Truth Society—the last he ever held—by Cardinal Newman, a touching event which those who were privileged to take part therein are not likely to forget, or the simple words, delivered not without difficulty, which the great Oratorian addressed to his hearers. "I would like to say

¹ It may be useful to give a list of them : Westminster, 1888 ; Manchester, 1889 ; Birmingham, 1890 ; Westminster, 1891 ; Liverpool, 1892 ; Portsmouth, 1893 ; Preston, 1894 ; Bristol, 1895 ; Hanley, 1896 ; Ramsgate, 1897 ; Nottingham, 1898 ; Stockport, 1899 ; Westminster, 1900 ; Newcastle, 1901 ; Newport (Mon.), 1902 ; Liverpool, 1903 ; Birmingham, 1904.

a great deal to you, but I must be content to pray that God may sustain you, and put His confirmation on what you do. I give you every good wish." Years before, not long after the formal establishment of the Society, Cardinal Newman had told me that the dream of his life had been to see a body which should do for Catholics what the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge does for Protestants ; and in the Catholic Truth Society he saw the realization of his dream. Birmingham therefore had to beat its own record, if the meeting this year was to show an advance on previous gatherings ; and that is what Birmingham did.

The clergy of the Cathedral, on whom devolved the main work of arrangement, had no easy task : for at the same time their energies were sufficiently taxed by the preparations for the celebration of the Jubilee of St. Chad's Cathedral. This, which took place on Sunday, September 25th, may be said to have introduced the proceedings of the Conference, for the Archbishop of Westminster, who preached on the occasion on the mission of the Church and the instruments employed by her in carrying it out, paid a high tribute to the work of the Catholic Truth Society.¹

It was to be expected that Birmingham, with its fifty years' tradition of strictly ecclesiastical music, would not be content with the miscellaneous musical programme to which we are accustomed in connection with the opening address of the Conference. It had been hinted that some pronouncement as to the application of the Holy Father's *Motu proprio* on church music might be made on the occasion ; this anticipation however, was not realized. Before the Archbishop's address on the Monday, the augmented choir of Oscott College, where a high standard of music has long been maintained, gave, under

¹ It may be worth while to quote the brief report of the Archbishop's sermon published in the *Times* of the day following its delivery. It would seem impossible that such ignorance as is manifested by the words I have italicized could be displayed by a paper holding such a position ; the misunderstanding, however, is not infrequent among Protestants, and will be found in one of the Rationalist Press publications. The report runs : "Dr. Bourne said that the opposition of their fellow-countrymen to the Catholic Church was nearly always based upon ignorance of what the Catholic Church was. If only that ignorance could be dispelled a great obstacle to their conversion to the Catholic Church would be removed. How often were their doctrines completely misunderstood by Protestants. There were two doctrines that to them as Catholics seemed so simple and so reasonable—the infallibility of the Pope and the *immaculate conception of Jesus Christ*. Many souls were kept back from the Catholic Church simply on account of those two matters of her teaching, which they had never grasped."

the direction of the Rector, Mgr. Parkinson, an interesting and by no means rigidly severe selection, including two or three English hymns, not all of the first rank. It may be doubted whether severe music is not almost as much out of place in a concert-hall as music of a light and operatic kind is in church. Certainly, however, the "straitest sect" this time had their innings, for the illustrations to Mr. Terry's interesting and well-delivered lecture on Tuesday evening, were from Palestrina, Vittoria, and Orlando di Lasso; these were excellently given by the Oratory choir, who must have found the conditions of the small hall—which was admirably adapted for the day meetings—somewhat trying.

There is no need to dwell upon the various papers read during the Conference proper. The first morning—after the usual preliminaries, which include the sending of a loyal telegram to the Pope, acknowledged this year by Cardinal Merry del Val in a gratifying message which stated that the Holy Father took the "deepest interest in the excellent work of the Catholic Truth Society"—was devoted to a paper by Father Gerard which dealt with some of the publications of the Rationalist Press Association, and pointed out the urgent necessity of meeting them by thoroughly well-informed works produced at as cheap a rate as those to which they should serve as an antidote. A second paper on this important subject was to have been contributed by Dr. Barry; and the only disappointment in connection with the Conference was the absence through indisposition of this brilliant writer. The discussion upon Father Gerard's paper was of a high order, and indeed the same might be said of the discussions throughout; it may be doubted whether on any previous occasion the level of papers and of speeches has been so well maintained. Professor Windle, a leading biologist and Dean of the Medical Faculty of the Birmingham University, paid a high tribute to Father Gerard's published writings, especially to the recent volume in which he deals with Haeckel's *Riddle of Creation*, and pointed out the need of works of a constructive character; the Archbishop, the Bishop of Salford, and Father Herbert Lucas also spoke, the last named pointing out the danger likely to result from placing before the young as matters of faith things that were not of faith.

Father Lucas opened the afternoon session with a paper on "The Education Peril," and was followed by Professor Windle

on "The Catholic Aspect of the Education Question." Both papers—like the others read at the Conference—have been printed in full in the *Tablet*, and space will not allow us even to summarize them. Father Lucas certainly did not underestimate our dangers or our necessities—a million pounds, he considered, would be necessary to meet the crisis. The discussion on these papers was exceedingly lively. The Vicar-General of Southwark created some amusement as well as surprise by announcing himself as cured of his pessimism by the greater pessimism of Father Lucas. Canon Murnane, in a speech of great eloquence, having complimented Father Brown on his change of attitude, pleaded for a more thorough attempt to make our Nonconformist friends understand our attitude with regard to the School question. "We hear a good deal of the Nonconformist conscience—will they not realize that there is such a thing as a Catholic conscience?" Would it not be possible to make them see that at the present time it is Christianity itself that is at stake, and that they were bringing the danger nearer by their advocacy of secular schools?

One point in Father Brown's speech seems to have escaped the notice of the reporters, and may fitly be referred to here. On the first Sunday of September, the Rev. Dr. Horton chose as the subject of his "monthly lecture" at his chapel in Lyndhurst Road the working of the Education Act. This lecture appeared in the *Christian World Pulpit* for Sept. 7th, and has since been issued as a penny pamphlet under the title, *For Conscience' Sake*. It is characterized by the virulence combined with inaccuracy which experience has taught us to expect whenever he has occasion to refer to the Catholic Church. Readers of this Review may remember the exposure some time since of Dr. Horton's methods and of the lamentable shifts by which he tried to bolster up his assertion that in mediæval literature the Holy Father was commonly spoken of as "Our Lord God the Pope."¹ Unable to support his contention, Dr. Horton has never had the manliness to withdraw it, although he has carried out to the full the well-known advice—"Weak case, abuse plaintiff's attorney." From time to time his attacks upon the Church have been renewed, and the most recent one differs in no respect from its predecessors. In the course of his lecture on the Education Act, Dr. Horton

¹ The paper has been reprinted by the Catholic Truth Society under the title, *The Methods of a Protestant Controversialist*.

states that, by its provisions, "in any place where the Roman Church can gather thirty pupils and build a school-house, it can throw that school on the public support permanently," and this misstatement he develops at some length. Father Brown pointed out that the Act makes it clear¹ that before a new voluntary school can be opened the wishes of the Local Authority, the Managers of existing schools in the locality, and of any ten ratepayers who choose to take action, must be considered by the Board of Education before sanctioning the proposed new public elementary school. The usual procedure is to hold a public inquiry by an officer of the Board of Education at which the promoters and opponents of the proposed school have the right to be heard and to call evidence in support of their case. It will be observed that the Act of Parliament does not leave the Board of Education free to determine whether a school shall be sanctioned or not as it may seem fit to the Board, but requires that regard shall be had to the interest of secular instruction, to the wishes of parents as to the education of their children, and to the economy of the rates. It may easily happen that the arguments based on the first and last of these clauses may quite over-rule the wishes of parents for denominational instruction for their children in a denominational school. It is quite unwarranted to state that, provided thirty children

¹ The following are the terms of Sec. 8 :

"Where the Local Education Authority or any other persons propose to provide a new public elementary school they should give public notice of their intention to do so and the Managers of any existing school or the Local Education Authority (where they are not themselves the persons proposing to provide the school) or any ten ratepayers in the area for which it is proposed to provide the school may within three months after the notice is given appeal to the Board of Education on the ground that the proposed school is not required or that the school provided by the Local Authority or not so provided as the case may be is better suited to meet the wants of the district than the school proposed to be provided, and any school built in contravention of the decision of the Board of Education on such appeal shall be treated as unnecessary. (Sub-sec. 1.)

"If in the opinion of the Board of Education any enlargement of a public elementary school is such as will amount to the provision of a new school that enlargement shall be so treated for the purposes of this section. (Sub-sec. 2.)

"Necessity of Schools. Sec. 9.

"The Board of Education shall without unnecessary delay determine in case of dispute whether a school is necessary or not, and in so determining and also in deciding on any appeal as to the provision of a new school shall have regard to the interest of secular instruction, to the wishes of parents as to the education of their children and to the economy of the rates, but a school for the time being recognized as a public elementary school shall not be considered unnecessary in which the number of scholars in average attendance as computed by the Board of Education is not less than thirty."

can be produced by the promoters of the school for whom their parents desire denominational school accommodation, the Board of Education will straightway recognize the school. As a matter of fact, where a much larger number of children can be brought forward it has been in at least one case decided against the promoters of the school. The only mention of the number thirty in the Act is in Sec. 9, where the Local Authority is prevented from closing a public elementary school in existence at the date of the passing of the Act if such school has an average attendance of not less than thirty. This is only one instance of the combined ignorance and prejudice which characterize Dr. Horton's attitude towards the Church in the pamphlet referred to.

Wednesday morning was given over to the discussion of social work. Father Hudson read a carefully prepared statistical account of rescue work in the Birmingham diocese. Miss Procter gave an excellent address on the need for the training of Catholic girls to fill their place in the world, and gave some account of the methods pursued by Baroness Zamowska in Austrian Poland, and by herself in Ireland. Miss May Quinlan, well known to readers of *THE MONTH*, contributed a paper on "The Human Side of the Social Problem," in which she pointed out the urgent need for social work and the necessity of personal service; her paper was a happy blend of humour and pathos, and was listened to with great interest. The very full and interesting discussion which followed was mainly concerned with Father Hudson's paper, and was lightened by the views of some of the speakers as to the rival merits of good and bad boys. It was of course a case of the chameleon or the gold and silver shield, but the earnestness with which Canon St. John vaunted the superiority of bad boys, and the enthusiasm with which Mr. Chilton Thomas insisted on the claims of good ones, created much amusement. Mr. Gilbert, in the course of some energetic remarks, suggested to Father Lucas that self-denial in the use of intoxicants would enable his million to be raised in a very short time, and held up as an example the "Self-denial week" of the Salvation Army, which, he said, brought in "£40,000 or £60,000." This elicited a protest from Canon Murnane, who pointed out that the amount was largely raised by street collections, and, long after the meeting had dispersed, was elaborating his contention to a select body of listeners.

In the afternoon, Mrs. Crawford read an excellent paper on "Lending Libraries," and Mr. Britten set forth the claims of the Catholic Truth Society. He explained that it had been found necessary that the work of the Society should be put forward in this manner, as it had been practically ignored at a recent Conference, and the Committee felt that this omission must be guarded against at all future gatherings. The claims of the Society were also cordially advocated by the Bishop of Salford, one of its oldest and staunchest friends, who, as has already been remarked, this year issued a Pastoral Letter to the clergy and laity of his diocese calling their attention to the Conference, and who took the opportunity of inviting the members to Blackburn next year.

The meeting was succeeded by that gathering of school children which—first introduced at Newcastle—has become a recognized feature of the Conferences. The hall was filled to its utmost capacity, and although, as it only holds about a thousand people, the estimate that "some 12,000" were present, given by one of our newspapers, must be regarded as an exaggeration, the gathering was a great success. Father James Nicholson, always in requisition for these gatherings, delivered one of his addresses in which seriousness and fun are happily blended, and the Archbishop and the Bishop of Southwark said a few words. In the evening, a singularly pleasant conversazione was held in the beautiful "large room" of the Grand Hotel.

Such is a brief epitome of the proceedings of the Conference; its good effects can only be properly appreciated by those who take part in it, and it must be admitted that at present the attendance, general and local, is not all that might be wished—certainly a very considerable number of the well-dressed folk who thronged the Grand Hotel for the reception, had shown no other interest in the Conference. The success of the gathering is largely to be attributed to the fact that preparations were taken in hand early, and it was impossible not to be struck with the entire absence of anything like fuss.

The generosity of Birmingham did not end with the reception of its guests. Last year the Society provided the performers and the play, while the local organization supplied the stage and took all the profits; but the Birmingham Committee has generously devoted all the profits of the Conference to the funds of the Catholic Truth Society.

I have spoken of the speeches and the papers, but something remains to be said of the tone which characterizes these Conferences. A Protestant who was present commented with pleasure on the charitable tone which pervaded every reference to non-Catholics ; a year or two since, at another Conference, an Anglican clergyman said that what struck him most, was that we all started from a common base, which could not be said of the speakers at the Church Congress. I think we should be more struck by these facts if they were not so natural to our position ; as it is we perhaps underrate their importance. We meet for the consideration of our own affairs ; outsiders are welcome to hear what we have to say, but our concern is not with them or with their opinions, except so far as they affect our own position. It is as impossible to imagine a Catholic Conference troubling itself about Protestantism as it is to imagine the Catholic Truth Society condescending to the methods of the Protestant Alliance or the "Kensit Crusade." We have many shortcomings and many drawbacks ; but no impartial person who will read our publications or listen to our lectures can fail to recognize that our attitude towards our opponents is infinitely more charitable than that assumed by them towards us. "I like your lectures because you don't abuse anybody," said an outsider to one of our speakers in Hyde Park.

It may be allowed to exemplify what has been said, by a reference to what occurred at the Church Congress, held at Liverpool the week after our own. The presidential address was delivered by Dr. Chavasse, the Anglican Bishop of Liverpool, and was a demonstration of "the unique position of the pure and reformed branch of Christ's Catholic Church, for whose welfare we are met to confer." Among other claims, the English Establishment "is set to be a reconciler of Christendom." "Union with Rome, we must sadly but decisively confess, as Rome is at present, would postpone indefinitely the re-union of Christendom ;" it is "the non-episcopal Churches of the Reformation" that must be taken into consideration.

It was all very nice and soothing, and his lordship soon had an excellent opportunity of exercising upon members of his own Church his talent for reconciliation. At a meeting for working men, held under his presidency, the Bishop of Stepney was the principal speaker—at least, he tried to be. But "on his rising there was a hostile demonstration," and Dr. Chavasse

appealed to those of his audience who called themselves Protestants, "as I am, to behave as Protestants." They seem to have responded to the Bishop's appeal, for we read of "repeated interruptions," "cries of 'Traitor!'" "disorder," "renewed interruptions," and the production in the gallery of "a large sheet of paper, on which was written 'The Congress is Popery ;'" and, judging from the proceedings reported with approval in certain newspapers, this is exactly how Protestants, in the popular sense of the word, might be expected to behave. Dr. Chavasse "at the close of the meeting said, 'The meeting has been somewhat lively,'" which seems a moderate way of stating what took place.

But at a meeting held, a few days later, of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, even Dr. Chavasse's patience was exhausted. "The cause of the disturbance"—thus Mr. W. W. Rutherford, M.P., a supporter of Mr. Kensit and Mr. George Wise—"was the ostentatious display of a large cross attached to the body of the Bishop of Madagascar." "Somewhat lively" would be a feeble description of the proceedings on this occasion. This is what happened according to the *Liverpool Courier*, as quoted in the *English Churchman* for October 13, from which the preceding extracts are taken:

When Dr. Chavasse called upon the Bishop of Madagascar there was a storm of dissent, a perfect hurricane of hooting, and a tempest of hisses. In vain Bishop Chavasse appealed for order, and at his request the audience joined in the hymn, "Lord, her watch Thy Church is keeping." The opposition element retaliated with the hymn, "Dare to be a Daniel," and a most unpleasant discord of sound resulted. At the conclusion of the singing the Bishop of Madagascar endeavoured to speak, but he was assailed by cries of "Take that cross off" (his lordship was wearing a golden pectoral cross), "Go to Rome," "Sit down," "Jesuit," and "Traitor." . . .

Dr. Chavasse, after vainly endeavouring to gain silence, exclaimed : "I am surprised that you should so forget yourselves. Here is a stranger coming to Liverpool all the way from Madagascar——"

"Let him stay away," "You are all right," "It's him we don't want," "Let him take that cross off," yelled the disturbers of the meeting.

"What right have you to dictate to any man what he is to wear and what he is not to wear?" retorted Dr. Chavasse. This remark elicited loud cheers and another outburst of hooting and hissing.

Above the din the voice of the Bishop of Madagascar could be heard saying that in Madagascar they were making great steps towards — Before he could finish the sentence the opposition yelled the

word "Rome." The Bishop waited his opportunity, and added, "towards a native ministry." . . .

The Bishop of Liverpool, in a voice quivering with indignation, said: "I promised to hear you if you behaved yourselves. I am ashamed of you. If you think you are going to promote the cause of truth and Protestantism by such methods as this you are mistaken. As your Bishop I am in a position to hear what is said by the great mass of Liverpool people, and you are going far to make the great name of Protestantism stink."

Loud cheers, counter cheers, hissing, and cries of "Three cheers for John Kensit," greeted these sentiments.

It must, I think, be allowed that, whatever may be said for the Catholic Conferences, they are tame as compared with this. And yet such is the abject state of slavery to which we have been reduced, that most Catholics will consider the humdrum proceedings at Birmingham, where not one Bishop was even hissed, preferable to the "somewhat lively" entertainment provided by Liverpool. But, for obvious reasons, I cannot agree with the Bishop that Liverpool folk are entirely, or even primarily, responsible for "making the name of Protestantism stink."

JAMES BRITTON.

Religious Persecution under Queen Elizabeth.

A DISCUSSION of the persecutions under Queen Elizabeth is likely to be distasteful to many of our fellow-countrymen. They are exceedingly desirous to hear well of the great Queen of whom they are proud, and they are abnormally sensitive to accusations of cruelty. They will be annoyed at the connection of her name with the odious charges which we shall have to investigate, and they would avail themselves of any excuse for throwing aside the inquiry, if one were offered. This makes it important to explain at once that we are using the name of the Queen for that of her Government. As we rightly speak of the Elizabethan age, of Elizabethan poetry, of the Elizabethan navy, and the like, so we must from the nature of the case talk of the Elizabethan persecutions. We do not by any of the above expressions mean to lay upon the Queen all, or even the chief praise or blame for the doings of her contemporaries, subjects, and subordinates. We mean that she was the head of a Government, or the leader of an age which had a very distinctive character, was celebrated for its poets, its sailors, and also for its violence to those who differed from it in religion. One cannot deny that Elizabeth was sometimes cruel, as for instance, in her Irish wars.¹ But considering the barbarity of her generation, she was not conspicuously inhuman. She desired to be thought merciful, but by one excuse or another (some will be mentioned later) she hid from herself her responsibilities, and talked as though she were tolerant.² The piteous appeals made by Catholics to her

¹ At the end of her reign we even find her approving of Topcliffe's cruelties. To this we shall return later.

² She was so far from considering herself as having interfered with religious liberty that, in regard to the Sacrament of the Altar, on which everything turned, she said to Lethington (1560) (as an illustration of her openness of mind regarding the succession to the crown after her death): "It is a matter I do not mell in. As in the sacrament of the altar some think one thing, some another; *whose judgment is best God knows: in the meantime 'unusquisque in sensu suo abundet'*, so leave I them to do with succession of the crown of England." (See my *Letter from Queen Mary to the Duke of Guise*, Scottish His. Soc. 1904, p. 39.) In her public utterances (which were penned by Cecil) she usually insisted on maintaining obedience to the laws.

clemency (to which, however, she never attended), the boastful assertions of her Ministers that more severity would have been used, but for the Queen's indulgence, prove perhaps little in themselves. But among the many Catholics who commend her humanity, there were some, such as Allen, Persons, and Southwell,¹ who were not likely to exaggerate in Elizabeth's favour. In short it seems that Elizabeth's besetting sin, during the first years of her reign at least, was not so much cruelty as masterfulness and tyranny.

The truth is that tyrants at all times have had recourse to severity, when their despotism was resisted, however desirous they might be in theory to temper force with suavity. Moreover, an autocrat is sure to include amongst his or her Ministers some individuals of fanatical or unfeeling temperament, and these will bring upon the whole administration the reproach of inhumanity. They generally drag down to their own level those of their colleagues who by nature are more kindly and liberal. So it was with Elizabeth. She had to ally herself with the Zwinglian or Calvinistic party, though its violence was really distasteful to her, for otherwise she could not have prevailed over the old conservative and Catholic party. She had to make use of men like Walsingham and Topcliffe, of whom she probably did not genuinely approve,² and who have by their treachery and brutality brought indelible disgrace and shame upon their mistress.

We may, therefore, from the first remind ourselves that our blame must not be applied except with due restriction and moderation. The persecution, as we shall see, was not uniformly severe throughout her reign. It would not be just to take the stories of our martyrs as examples of the treatment which Catholics invariably met with at the hands of Elizabeth's Government; for they are admittedly extreme and rarer cases. During many years there were no martyrdoms at all.

Moreover, Elizabeth had some provocations, not indeed for the commencement of the persecution, but for one or two of the steps downward in severity. There is no need to discuss here the stain on her birth, which her sensual father brought

¹ Allen, *Apologie*, p. 109; Persons, *Reasons why Catholiques refuse to go to Church*, Introd.; Southwell, *Supplication to the Queen*, § 12.

² Though Elizabeth's favour to Topcliffe is quite indefensible, she allowed him to be imprisoned in 1595, as we shall see later on. Her resentment against Walsingham is notorious.

upon her, but which she regarded as an injury done her by the old order and the old religion, which therefore she was bound to fight against and destroy as far as she could. Nothing, again, need be said of the Marian persecution of Protestants. Doubtless some of the fanatics whom Elizabeth employed were animated by the feeling of revenge, and there were the cases of Bonner and Storey. But upon the whole the history of the persecution shows that neither she nor her Government were seriously influenced by the desire of retaliation.

But while there was no excuse at all for the declaration of war against Catholics, some representatives of the old Faith made mistakes and committed faults in the course of that war, which could not, morally speaking, have failed to increase the bitterness of the other side. There was the imprudence of the Excommunication (1570), and of Dr. Sander's expedition to Ireland (1579). There were the graver crimes of France and Spain, the leading Catholic powers, viz., the massacre of St. Bartholomew (1572), and the assassination of the Prince of Orange (1584). There were also some conspiracies among the English Catholics, in particular that of Babington and Ballard (1586). The dates will at once show that these events could only have influenced the later developments of the persecution, and more will be said about them when the time comes. At present it is enough to refer to them summarily, in order to indicate what kind of provocation it was which we may fairly say that Elizabeth received, and in order to show how very far they are from providing an adequate excuse for her conduct.

The origin of the persecution is to be traced back to the very beginning of Elizabeth's reign. There had been evil precedents for it under her immediate predecessors, and the stability of the English in their faith had been grievously injured long before her accession. When Mary died people felt that her sister, whose birth was so intimately connected with the origin of the schism, and who had only lately and after some reluctance conformed to Catholicism, would once more bring back the religious revolution. The zealots for change did not wait for her word to commence a series of minor outrages against Catholic churches. Elizabeth forbade these attacks by proclamation, but showed no zeal in punishing them, though she still professed to adhere to the old religion, hearing Mass, and even communicating according to the Catholic rite. On the other hand, her Council put the Bishop of Winchester under

confinement on December the 14th, 1558,¹ on an excuse so slight that we cannot be wrong in taking this as the first overt act of persecution in Elizabeth's reign.

Before long Elizabeth declared herself openly on the side of the Reformers, and at once violence increased. More Bishops were imprisoned, and Dr. Storey, though a Member of Parliament, had to fly from London. The Act of Uniformity was introduced into Parliament, and contained as first drafted "many extraordinary penalties against delinquents."² But these were eliminated by the conservative party during the passage of the Bill through both Houses, and milder punishments were substituted.

The persecuting laws were to take effect on the feast of St. John Baptist, June the 24th, 1559. From that time began the era of visitations by Royal Commissioners, charged to remove all non-conforming clergy and officials. The first victims were the Bishops, who were all deprived (except Kitchen of Llandaff) and imprisoned. Then came the turn of the Universities, the dioceses, and the great schools. Considerable quantities of church property were seized by the Crown, Religious were banished and everywhere those who resisted were deprived, if not imprisoned or exiled. It is clear that all these ancient corporations only yielded to violence and would have remained Catholic had it been free to them to do so. The pity is that they did so little to vindicate their freedom. When Nicholas Heath, the last Archbishop of York, was visited by the Duke of Feria, then Spanish Ambassador, before his imprisonment, and asked what could be done, he is reported to have answered: "There is nothing to be done, but everything to be suffered which God may will."³ It was magnificent, but not war, and disastrous when considered as generalship. Heath was by position the leader of the Catholic party, and the party, alas, followed his example. No resistance was made at the critical moment at which resistance would have been most effectual. Indeed, the majority of his followers showed the most lamentable want of principle. Heath was at least admirable in the way he kept his own soul free from contamination; but a very considerable number of the inferior clergy (two or three thousand

¹ T. E. Bridgett, *The English Hierarchy*, p. 66.

² *Venetian Calendar*, p. 52.

³ *Agere nihil, inquit, pati autem quaecumque Deus volet.* Sander to Cardinal Morone, 1562. *Vatican Archives*, 68, 28, fol. 260.

seems a moderate estimate) went bodily over to the enemy on the first application of force, and the majority of their flocks reluctantly followed the bad example of their pastors. There were honourable and indeed numerous exceptions both among clergy and laity. But when we compare them with the whole nation, their numbers are most disappointingly few.

Cecil and Elizabeth were not slow to take the measure of the situation thus created. If severity, constant but not extreme, would suffice, it would be far better for their interests to refrain from going further. Accordingly, though the zealots clamoured for the lives of the Bishops, and especially for that of Bonner,¹ no blood was shed. The Reformation was carried through by fines, imprisonments, deprivations, terrorism, but the extreme penalties of the new laws were not inflicted, though their lighter punishments were systematically enforced.

By the Act of Uniformity, absentees from the reformed church services (afterwards generally known as recusants), were fined one shilling per Sunday; a sum which sounds slight to us now, but which was about as heavy as a fine could then be, which was intended to fall on the poor equally with the well-to-do.

If a Catholic heard Mass, he was liable, according to the number of his offences, to fines beginning with 100 marks, and increasing to forfeiture of all goods and imprisonment for life. By the Act of Royal Supremacy, the refusal of the Oath of Supremacy when offered (it was not, so far, imposed absolutely on all) involved the loss of every office, preferment, and benefice, and incapacitated the non-juror from many civil rights. If any one maintained the doctrine contrary to that of this Act, viz., that of Papal Supremacy, he was liable to forfeiture of goods and imprisonment, the pains of *premunire*, and death with all the horrors decreed in cases of high treason. By the laws of 1563, called "the Act of Assurance," the above code was somewhat sharpened by the creation of new offences. Each time one wrote in favour of the Pope, for instance, one became liable to the pains of *premunire*.

If we look closely at this legislation, we shall discover that a great deal more than might have been expected was made to turn upon attendance at Protestant service. If a Catholic could avoid prosecution on that score, if he kept studiously quiet and forewent every post under Government, or in the

¹ *Spanish Calendar*, 14 January, 1563.

Universities, or in the Church, or other professions, he might, it seems, never have the Oath proposed to him at all.

The chief struggle, therefore, between the new creed and the old turned chiefly on this point of going to church. It was evidently impossible for the Catholics to obey the law and to exchange the new service for the old without breaking with their conscience ; and yet the law of the land bound them to attend. Here, therefore, was the first point at which Catholics should have resisted most. In fact (with numerous and creditable exceptions) it was here that the laity failed most constantly. We find the Catholic missionaries of that day engaged (and this throws no little light on the persecution of the Catholics at the time we are now studying) not in encouraging their flocks to suffer with constancy, but in insisting that *participatio in sacris* with heretics was in itself illicit, and could never be excused, dispensed with, or tolerated.

From Elizabeth's first year onwards, therefore, the persecution was beyond any doubt both real and severe, though by comparison moderate, when we contrast it with what followed. It was persecution because in matters of conscience and religion, where liberty is so specially necessary, the Crown interfered with the full force of Tudor tyranny, and drove its too subservient subjects to abandon the religion of their baptism and of their mature choice for a new state-manufactured formula of divine service, and compelled them to perjure themselves by swearing to the preposterous fiction of Royal Supremacy.

Whether the subjects resisted or not can make no difference to the nature of this act of violence. We can never sufficiently deplore the cowardice with which thousands yielded, when they should rather have died. But though the victory was bloodless, there was at least opposition, and even resistance ample enough to prove one thing at any rate, that without the help of violence, the new religion would have made hardly any progress whatsoever.

Records for the early part of Elizabeth's reign are very defective, and we must (it would seem) resign ourselves to the prospect of never being able to discover the exact details of the great change. We shall probably never know how often violence was made use of, nor to what extent the fall of the old Church was due to the slow process of decay, which naturally followed from cutting off communication with Rome, and enforcing attendance at heretical service. Of the perse-

cution in London occasional mention is made by the agents and ambassadors of Spain, when there were any resident in England. As a rule the reason for special severity is the celebration of a Mass.¹ But more violent measures were taken when there was danger or the suspicion of communication with Rome, or when the Catholics of France or Flanders, or Mary Stuart in Scotland, seemed to be gaining upon the Protestants.

The most noteworthy outbreak of this sort took place in May, 1561. Pope Pius IV. had directed a Nuncio, Martinengo, to Elizabeth to ask her to send to the Council of Trent. For various political reasons the Queen was at first in favour of his admission. Lodgings had been secured for him in Greenwich, he had arrived in Flanders and was about to cross over, when Cecil, fearing for the supremacy of his party, contrived to persuade the Queen that danger was in store for her. There was unrest, he said, in Ireland, and the Papists were conspiring in England. A priest happened to be arrested at Dover, from whom information was drawn (it was said) which proved that Mass had been said in the house of Sir Edward Waldegrave. That knight, with Sir Thomas Wharton, and many other leading Catholics, was consigned to prison, the Queen and the Protestant party were alarmed, and the Catholics were treated everywhere with increased rigour. Cecil, describing his exploit to Throckmorton, added sanctimoniously, "I take God to record I mean no evil to any of them."² Yet he kept many of them in prison for years, the Blessed Thomas Woodhouse, for instance, only being released by the gallows ten years later.

There are other instances of severity noticed by the Spanish Ambassador. One in May and June, 1560; others in November, 1561; in April and June, 1562; and in April, 1565. In 1567, on the contrary, we hear of more favour shown to Catholics in July and August. But in 1568 their position became much more precarious. Both before, and especially after, the flight of Mary Stuart into England (May 16, 1568) we read of vexations steadily increasing in gravity until they were met by the Northern Rising in November of the year following, 1569, which, as the Spanish Ambassador declares, was due to Elizabeth's having ordered the laws for attendance at Protestant churches to be enforced.³

The Rising had doubtless many other secondary causes

¹ *Spanish Calendar, 1538—1567*, pp. 126, 128, 208, 295, 686, 689, 690.

² See THE MONTH, January, 1902.

³ *Spanish Calendar*, p. 202.

besides this, but the historical sequence must not be forgotten, or inverted. Popular apologists for Elizabeth dwell upon the increase of persecution *after* the Rising, as though they believed that these two were related to one another as cause and effect, that if there had been no Rising and no Excommunication, there would have been no measures of repression used against Catholics. Whereas the contrary is proved by any serious reading of the evidence. Religious persecution and political repression had been the lot of the Catholics since the beginning of Elizabeth's reign, and they were the causes of the insurrection in an almost equal degree.

The increase of persecution after the Rising did not at once assume those definite forms of which we had read in lives of the martyrs. At first there was a great display of violence ; seven hundred of those who had risen for their faith were executed. Innumerable sympathizers, and Catholics who were supposed to sympathize with the insurgents, were imprisoned, fined, and driven into exile. But this rigour relaxed ere long, perhaps because it was evident that the Catholics did not, as a matter of fact, approve of the Rising or of the Excommunication. But the detection of the Ridolfi conspiracy among the whole conservative party—Lutheran as well as Catholic—caused a renewal of the persecution, until the Duke of Norfolk had been executed and his friends fined (October 1571, to May 1572). Then, as the prospects of the Catholics improved again, came the massacre of St. Bartholomew in France, August 24, 1572. Again were the poor Catholics consigned to prison, fined, and forced to contribute to the support of the French Huguenots.

During all this period it could at least be said the laws had not been seriously pressed to the last extremity. There had indeed been sufferers for religion who had paid the death penalty. But these cases were the exception, not the rule. Earl Percy and Parson Plumtree suffered technically under martial law, and Storey and Felton before the Statute of 13 Elizabeth was passed. In 1573, indeed, Woodhouse died for having offended against the Statute ; but his case was quite singular. He pressed the Queen's Ministers to acknowledge and submit to the Excommunication (just what the Statute forbade) and did so with a freedom, which was even more remarkable than the want of vigour exhibited by so many of his fellow-priests.

Before proceeding we may cite two contemporary descriptions of the state of the English Catholics given by the anonymous writer of a remarkable volume, entitled *A Treatise of Treasons*, which appeared in Belgium in 1572. The first is taken from the fifth section of his powerful denunciation of the Reformers at the beginning of Elizabeth's reign.

[Let them cease] from their smooth and sweet lying speech, pretending that they meant not to constrain any man's conscience, forsooth, neither to force any man to come to their sects, till God, pardie, should draw him : nor to leave and lack the use of his own religion in quiet and private manner, &c. Whereas within less than one year they expelled all the Religious of the realm, that would live in their Order or habit ; they took away their houses and lands without colour of cause, and forthwith after, deprived the Bishops and clergy, removed the [Catholic] laity (all in effect) from Queen, from Council, from credit and office, in Court and in country.

And of the rest since, let the sundry imprisonments, arraignments, amercements, and other public punishments of all sorts of Catholics, yea of widows and women, only for hearing Mass in a corner, let the multitude of them that are called up by process, that remain in bands, that are fled, hidden, and in prison, for not taking the oath and communion, and for not coming to sermons and service ; yea, let the pining deaths in stinking prisons of all your old clergy (in effect) that never made fault : let these, I say, speak and declare what meaning there was hidden under those sugared shows.

Of the persecutions of the years 1570, 1571, 1572, the same writer says :

For besides the late extreme executions in the north, in Norfolk and about London (above the measure of the delicts, because the most of them were Catholics), and besides all your prisons pestered with noblemen and gentlemen, no man almost wotteth why ; besides this (I say) where few, or none to speak of, can pass from town to town unsearched ; where no letter almost goeth from friend to friend unopened ; where no man's talk with other scant escapeth unexamined ; where it is accounted treason, rebellion, and sedition to have or to see, to send or receive, to keep or to hear, any letter, book, or speech, that might show you any part, either of this conjuration, or of the crafts and falsehoods used to bring it to pass ; yea, when the just commendation of any nobleman among yourselves (whom these base fellows do envy or malign) is accounted a crime and derogation to your Queen ; and where every man that justly imputeth any of these disorders unto those Catilines [*i.e.*, Cecil's party], is taken and punished as an attributor of the government from your Queen to a subject ; can

any man that hath wit or judgment, see other therein than thralldom and slavery? Yea, what servitude can be greater? what government can be further from clemency and mercy?

We have seen that the first decade of Elizabeth's reign was by comparison the mildest, and that the second decade opened with outbreaks of severity which recurred more frequently in the early seventies. Upon the whole, however, the nature of the persecution, considered as a permanent method of religious government, did not finally change for the worse until the third decade of the reign. But from the year 1577, or thereabouts, until the year 1585, the persecution not only increased rapidly in severity, but became fixed and established by law. These eight years we may, therefore, call the second period of the persecution.

Cruelties had at first been limited, because it was found that measured violence, backed by the knowledge that even more extreme measures might be employed if necessary, was sufficient to break down the constancy of the Catholics at such a rate as an intelligent statesman considered satisfactory. But with the advent in England of the Seminary Priests in 1574, the balance of courage and moral force went over to the Catholic side. It was found that pains short of death were no longer a sufficient deterrent. The persecutors therefore resolved to inflict death, and when even that did not suffice, they resolved to proceed, and did proceed to every extremity in order to gain their end. We now hear for the first time of systematic torture.¹ The fines, which at first had been frequent but comparatively small, and which were inflicted perhaps chiefly with the view of worrying recusants into Protestantism, were now increased to crushing burdens. Whereas at first the chief engine for the violent propagation of Anglicanism had been the visitations of Commissioners, Bishops, and preachers, we now hear of government officials, who carry out their searches on system, of professional spies, and of common informers who are recognized by the legislature and flourish throughout the land. Besides this the detestable practice of concocting sham plots comes into vogue, and men were condemned and executed on hypothetical offences, of which more hereafter.

The persecutor therefore has now begun to do his very

¹ The first victim tortured for religion seems to have been Thomas Sherwood, in 1577. *Acts of English Martyrs*, p. 11. But Thomas Wood, priest, had been threatened with the rack November 28, 1569. *Dom. Calendar*, p. 348.

worst, and to develop a *system* of oppression which he means to make insupportable. There will be no need to enter here into the particulars of the horrible cruelties practised at this time, the endless searches, the vast man-hunts, the tortures, the prisons, the tearing out of the heart from the priest's living body, the quarters of which were then hung up publicly at the city gates. The details are very well known to us, for the papers, both of the tyrants and of their victims, which relate to this period, are now accessible. Something however must be said about the legislative Acts by which these cruelties were sanctioned, that is to say, about the Parliaments of Elizabeth's 23rd and 27th years. The first of these two Acts (1581) made it high treason to reconcile any one to the Church, with proportionate penalties for aiding and abetting, and keeping Catholic tutors for children. The second, called that of 27 Elizabeth (1585), inflicted the penalties of high treason on priests for the mere fact of being within the realm, with proportionate penalties for all who assisted, protected, or failed to betray the priest at his work. So serious was the Government in its resolve to act up to its professions, that all (or nearly all) the priests who were in prison before the Act was passed, were shipped over seas during this year, and any priests who would give themselves up might have had like "clemency," in order that if caught returning they might be hanged without mercy.

These Acts decided the hard and hateful character of the persecution for many a year to come. They were maintained in force for over a hundred years, and reserved upon the statute-book for another century more. How they worked in practice, what misery and degradation they caused both in the tyrants and victims forms a subject of which more will be said later. We ought not, however, to pass further without considering a problem of interest and importance, viz., how the men who had the good qualities which Elizabeth's Ministers certainly possessed, could have been guilty of the excesses of infamy, of which their own statute-books, the minutes of their proceedings in Council, the records of their law courts, convict them.

To this question, of course, no adequate answer can be expected. There can be no reason for unreason, and no man can account for all the perversity of those who are bent on any single crime. Restricting ourselves, however, to such a partial answer as the circumstances permit, it would seem that, broadly

speaking, the chief reason was the decay of character, which, as experience and history alike assure us, proceeds apace in all tyrants. A boy who can bully without hindrance others who are weaker than himself, decays in honour, humanity, and integrity with lamentable rapidity ; and history shows us that tyrannical Governments have always degenerated quickly, though they have sometimes lasted long. It will be unnecessary here to enlarge on the tyrannies of the Tudors. It will suffice to recall a few characteristics : serfdom was not yet extinct, beggars were whipped, soldiers and sailors were impressed ; women accused of witchcraft were burnt, so were advanced heretics ; crushing to death was not infrequent as a penalty for refusing to plead. The management of the fatherless children, even of the noblest families, with all their estates, belonged to the Crown, and the wardship was disposed of at the pleasure of the Government, which could also seize a man's horses for its posts, commandeer his stores for provisions, and practically do as it liked with his vote for Parliament. The Crown had in comparatively few years created a new nobility, and as the result had shown, could also break up and reform, restore, or alter the very religion of the land.

Under any circumstances the Ministers of such a Government would have been insufferable oppressors when their baser passions were moved, and both Cecil and Walsingham were not only fanatics with passions that were strong, but they were hypocrites, so practised in duplicity that, like their mendacious mistress, they had ended in utterly deceiving themselves with their excuses, though these imposed on no one else.

A man like Cecil would never, I think, have himself employed an assassin, nor perhaps would Elizabeth,¹ nor possibly even Walsingham. But murder through a jury was a crime which the two Ministers would not have boggled at for a moment. Cecil, we may be sure, did not in the least believe that Campion was guilty of the conspiracy with which he was charged ; and if the responsibility for pronouncing him guilty had rested with that Pharisee² alone, I believe it would never have been pronounced. On the other hand, he thought it most laudable to encourage the officers of the Crown to prosecute

¹ She asked Paulet to rid her of Queen Mary Stuart, but that was after sentence passed.

² Most contemporaries, who knew the man, advert to this hypocrisy. Persons calls him "that foxe." (*Life of Campion*, lib. i. cap. 3.) The *Treatise of Treasons* nicknames him "Symon," and "Subtle Sym," &c.

the missionary with all their might,¹ and to leave the case in the hands of a jury of simpletons who would infallibly give the verdict which was desired.² This verdict he afterwards defended as having been arrived at with all the security for justice afforded by formal trial.

Another feature of the Tudor tyranny must also be mentioned here. It affected to veil its worst excesses by pretending that they were acts done in obedience to the mandates of the people, who were really its slaves. Under Henry VIII. the most flagrant violations of justice, religion, and humanity were coloured by the sanction of Parliament. Elizabeth's Government also took care to have a following among the vulgar. Her Ministers fed them with stories against the Pope and the Papists, and the iniquitous Acts of Parliament lately recited could hardly have been passed, had it not been possible for Walsingham to keep the Queen and the realm in a state of terror at plots—so many of which were of his own contrivance, or at least matured by the aid of his agents. Nor did he fail to take advantage of mistakes made by Catholics. The murder of the Duke of Orange at the instigation of Spain, in 1584, forms the gravest possible reproach against that country's rulers; but it became in Walsingham's mouth an all-powerful argument for raising suspicion against the perfectly innocent English Catholics, and for urging on infamous legislation against them. The large question of Walsingham's share in the sham plots of this reign has been fully discussed elsewhere.³

Another, more facile, but not less loathsome way of arousing the fanaticism of the people against the sufferers was to interrogate the latter as to their future intentions, a process which was commonly known among the Catholics as that of "the bloody question."

Suppose for instance some priests were condemned to death for the mere exercise of their spiritual functions, then Cecil knew that, however much he might cajole his own conscience, the world at large would believe and say that his victims were

¹ Among the Burghley papers at the British Museum is a draft, with corrections, of an indictment against Campion which has been discarded because the hatred of Catholicism was not sufficiently disguised.

² Our Martyrs as a rule showed great unwillingness to plead. See for instance *Acts of English Martyrs*, pp. 156, 183, 288, and the instructive case of Barnes, Tierney-Dodd, vol. iii. Ap. 191. In 1581 a Jury was summoned before Privy Council for having acquitted certain recusants. (*Register*, vol. v. p. 560.)

³ THE MONTH, June and July, 1902.

really dying for their faith. To avoid this Cecil would question them as to the *possibility* of their committing what he would call an act of treason. Veiled under paraphrases, of which more immediately, the question came to this: Did the examinants think that the state of England was such, or might become such, as to justify recourse to arms in order to recover religious liberty?

It was impossible to answer this question with an absolute negative, and yet no other would satisfy an autocrat so absolute as Elizabeth. It was no use for the victims to say that they being priests had never meddled, and never would have occasion to meddle in such matters. No use even to say that they were actually ready to fight against any enemy who was then known to be likely to attack her. The most reasonable reserve was held to be proof of a treasonable mind. It was impossible, indeed, to frame a statute that would sanction quibbling tests like these, but by them Cecil was enabled to proceed to the further duplicity of saying that though the lives of the victims were forfeit on account of the laws of the realm, the clemency of the Queen would have been extended to them but for their evidently treasonable intentions.

The most cunning part of Cecil's ruse was the paraphrase in which he wrapped his question. He confused it with the parlous subject of the Pope's power over princes. According to the mediaeval idea of Christendom, the Pope should be final arbiter both between prince and prince, and between prince and people, and, by consequence, he should be able to depose an heretical sovereign, who was imposing his creed upon his subjects by force. It is recognized now-a-days on all hands that such a right does exist somewhere, and it is held that such tyranny may properly be met with rebellion. The English Reformers had frequently asserted the latter principle, and by it justified their interference in France, Scotland, and Flanders. But the English Catholics still held to their old conservative idea of the Papal referendum, an idea which the makers of the English constitution had cherished, which Henry VIII. himself had maintained,¹ but which Protestants now declared to be treasonable. Cecil's victims had not any theory for the government of Christendom in which it did not appear, and therefore

¹ Henry's defence of the Pope's Primacy will be found in his *Assertio Septem Sacramentorum*, London, 1521, sig. B. In discussing the matter with More, however, he went much further. See the quotations in Bridgett's *More*, pp. 340, 341, 343.

when questioned whether they would fight against the Pope, even supposing that he came to restore religion, they could no more bring themselves to answer with a simple affirmative, than a man of honour could promise a burglar (in order to avoid molestation) that he would defend him against the police even at the cost of his life.

It is not our business to uphold the theories of the martyrs. Whether they were right or wrong for their day, the iniquity of Cecil's *modus agendi* is equally evident. There was no doubt of their innocence of all political misdemeanour, no doubt that as matters stood they would stand for their Queen against any enemy in the field. They were ensnared, not by straightforward questions which examiner and examinee understood in the same sense, but by being interrogated upon subjects which both parties necessarily viewed in different ways.

An example will make the iniquity of this procedure more clear. I take it from the next period of the persecution, in which the brutal Topcliffe, not the subtle Cecil, was the leading spirit. The cross-questioning is therefore rougher and more direct, but the underlying principles are just the same. The part taken in it by Sir Walter Raleigh is hardly known, and tells much to his credit.

Oliver [Polydore] Plasden,¹ priest, born by Fleet Bridge, in London, was put into the cart, who prayed for the Queen and the whole realm, which when Sir Walter Rawlin [Raleigh] heard, "What," said he, "dost thou think as thou prayest?"

"Otherwise," quoth he, "I expect no salvation at God's hands."

"Then thou dost acknowledge her for thy lawful Queen?" said Rawlin.

"I do sincerely."

"Wouldst thou defend her," quoth Rawlin, "against all her foreign and domestical enemies, if so thou wert able?"

"I would," said Plasden, to "the uttermost of my power, and so I would counsel all men who would be persuaded by me."

The people hearing this, began to speak one to another: "There is no cause why this honest man should die. He would never say thus at death, except he thought so in his heart."

Then Rawlin said: "How happened it that yesterday before the Judges thou wouldst not say thus much? Then thou hadst not come thus far. I know, good people," said Rawlin, turning himself, "her

¹ In Rome the Venerable Polydore Plasden was called Oliver Palmer. He signed himself Oliver Plasden in 1586 (Foley, *Records*, vi. p. 508), and suffered on December 10, 1591. The above extract is taken from *The Relation of James Young*, which will be found printed in full in my *Acts of English Martyrs*, pp. 98—117.

Majesty desireth no more at these men's hands, than that which this man hath now confessed. Mr. Sheriff," said he, "I will presently go to the Court, let him be stayed."

Which when Topcliffe heard, "I pray you," saith he, "suffer me to offer him one question, and anon you shall hear that I will convince him to be a traitor." Then he said: "Plasden, in thy conscience, before all this assembly, tell me thy judgment. If the King of Spain or the Pope would come into this country by force for no other end precisely, but by his canonical law," for so he spake, "to establish that faith which thou believest and which thou thinkest to be the true Catholic faith as you call it, tell me, wouldest thou resist them?"

"I am a priest," quoth he, "and therefore may not fight."

"Although thou mayst not fight, wouldest thou give counsel to others who would fight to defend her Majesty?"

"I would," said the priest, "counsel all men to maintain the right of their Prince."

"He saith marvellous well," quoth Rawlin. "No more. I will presently post to the Queen. I know she will be glad of this plain dealing."

"Then," said Topcliffe, "let me say but one word unto him," which was granted. "Thou sayest, Plasden," quoth he, "that thou wouldest counsel all to defend the Queen's right, but tell me, dost thou think that the Queen hath any right to maintain this religion, and to forbid yours?"

"No," said the priest.

"Then thou thinkest not," quoth he, "to defend the Queen against the Pope, if he would come to establish thy religion; speak, what sayest thou to this? I charge thee before God."

"I am a Catholic priest," quoth he, "therefore I would never fight, nor counsel others to fight against my religion, for that were to deny my faith. O Christ," saith he, looking up to heaven and kissing the rope, "I will never deny Thee for a thousand lives."

Then lo! they cried, he was a traitor, and the cart was drawn away, and he, by the word of Rawlin, was suffered to hang until he was dead; then was he drawn and quartered after their custom.

We may conclude this instalment of our history of the Elizabethan persecutions by the following vivid description of the state of Catholics at the beginning of the year 1584, written by Doctor, afterwards Cardinal, Allen. The fulness of his information, joined with the sobriety of his judgment, makes him the most valuable of our witnesses on this subject.

If our fellows in the Catholic Faith through Christendom could conceive that in heart, which these confessors do indeed feel, and we often with our eyes behold, they would with infinite tears bewail our case, and with daily devout prayers procure God's mercy towards us,

as we trust they do. If they might see all the prisons, dungeons, fettters, stocks, racks, that are through the realm occupied and filled with Catholics; if they might behold the manner of their arraignment—even among the vilest sort of malefactors—how many have been by famine, ordure, and pestiferous airs pined away, how many by most cruel death openlie despatched, how many have suffered proscription and condemnation to perpetual prison, how many have been spoiled and otherwise grievously punished by forfeiting to the Queen an hundred marks for every time they hear mass, how many gentlemen and other persons of wealth are wholie undone, by losing thirteen score pounds by the year for not coming unto the heretical service. How many have lost all their lands and goods during life for flying out of the country for conscience sake. How many of the most substantial, profitablist, and persons of greatest hospitality in divers provinces, are chased out of their own houses by spials, promotours, and catchpols. How many wander in places where they are not known, driven into woods, yea surely into waters, to save themselves from heretic's cruelty.¹ How many godlie and honest married couples, most dear one to another, by the imprisonment, banishment, flight of either party are pitifully sundered. How many families are thereby dissolved, into what poverty, misery, and mishap their children are driven, what number thereby run over sea into most desperate wars and fortunes, or by better luck and fortune go to the Seminaries or other service to pass their time during their parents' calamity. And for such as be of the vulgar sort of honest husbandmen or artisans (of which condition innumerable be Catholiques in our Countrie), they being not able to pay that impious mass-mulct, much less the forfeiture for not coming to the Calvinists' preaches and services, are most cruelly and barbarously whipped in the open market-places, as both elsewhere and especially of late a blessed number in the city of Winchester (most pitiful to behold) were so used. Others have their ears cut off, others burnt through the ear, and others otherwise of both sexes contumeliously and slavishly abused.²

J. H. POLLEN.

¹ In the margin is printed, "John Westby of Molbreck, Esquire, was glad to stand for a whole winter's day almost in a pit in water up to the ears, and often forced to duck under the waters, lest he should be espied of the persecutors."

² Dr. W. Allen, *A true, sincere, and modest defence of English Catholics, &c.,* pp. 173, 174. An admirable discussion of the iniquity of incriminating men on the score of their intentions will be found at pp. 62—71. This work and other classical histories of the persecution such as R. Persons' *De persecutione Anglicana* (1582), E. Rishton (really J. Hart), *Diarium Turris* (1586), Bridgwater, *Concertatio Ecclesiae Anglicanae* (1584, 1588), should be compared with the principal Apologies for the proceedings of the Government, e.g., Cecil's *Execution of Justice*, 1583, reprinted in the *Harleian Miscellany*, vol. ii. p. 136, &c., and Walsingham's letter to Critoy in *Cabala*, p. 372.

The Member for Fairdale.

CHAPTER XV.

A VOICE FROM THE EAST.

THE day had dawned, and another morning of sunless gloom was in full swing, when at length Ronald Dare, dropping with fatigue, threw himself upon the sofa in his smoking den, and fell into a troubled sleep. Bodily weariness had got the better of mental restlessness, and he slept the sleep of exhaustion. But even then repose was not for him ; a crowd of strange phantoms chased one another through his brain—the grotesque version of recent happenings.

Moreover, Dare was the unhappy prey of that miserable sense of disaster, overshadowing the subconscious self with its vague haunting fear, and quite depriving sleep of any refreshing quality.

He seemed to be searching for Gertrude in some remote backwoods of dreamland. Far ahead he heard the faint murmur of her voice—in distress—but something always came to keep them asunder, and prevent him overtaking her. He was always trying to struggle over impassable barriers, to descend to impossible depths, or scale inaccessible heights, while all the time he was handicapped by a leaden powerlessness of limb, that made every step an agony of effort. The worst misery of the nightmare was the tantalizing feeling that Gertrude though seemingly so far off was in reality close at hand. She was either just round the corner, or just behind a curtained doorway, but always out of sight. Do what he would he could never overtake her, and the tormenting sensation was highly suggestive of being haunted by the spirit of “Vanishing Point ;” for Gertrude (in Dare’s dream) was for ever on the other side of Vision—like sound on the other side of silence.

Then came a grinding and scraping, louder and louder, as

the veil of sleep was torn asunder by a shaft of light, and Dare opened his eyes, to see his servant staring at him with undisguised astonishment written all over his usually wooden countenance. It must have been the scraping of the curtain rings that had roused the sleeper—for, when heard in dreams, comparatively small noises take to themselves a stupendous body of sound.

"What time is it, Morris?" asked Dare, hastily deciding under the circumstances to volunteer no word of explanation as to his being discovered lying on a sofa in evening dress at an apparently late hour in the morning. "Let Morris think what he jolly well likes!" was Dare's mental remark on the situation. "If I choose to sleep on the floor it's nobody's business but my own."

"It's 'arf parst heleven, sir," Morris replied in a respectfully reproachful tone. "Not 'earing no reply when I called you this morning, sir, I goes into your room, and finding of it empty, I sez to myself—'Master 'e carn't 'ave come back larst night,' never a-thinking has I should see you 'ere, when I come in to open the curtins. What may I get you, sir—is it to be breakfast or lunch, sir?"

"First of all draw me a cold bath," said Dare, "and then bring me some coffee—bring it here with my letters, if there are any. I don't want any spread of lunch or breakfast either—that's all, you can go."

So Morris left the room, as mystified as ever as to facts, and treading softly for some unexplained reason, possibly actuated by the idea that Dare was suffering from "a bad head," and with totally erroneous suspicions lurking in his mind, concerning his master's overnight dealings with the spirit-stand and syphons!

As the day wore on, and notwithstanding his long vigil of the night before, Dare was still no nearer any decision as to what course to take next. That some decision would have to be made sooner or later his conscience was not slow to tell him. He realized well enough that he had come to cross roads on life's highway, and perforce he must make up his mind which turning to take. To add to his difficulties, he was for the first time experiencing that condition when the more one tries to think and wants to think, the less one can think connectedly. Dare's brain failed to focuss thought, and his mental powers refused to be concentrated on the very subject so imperatively demanding attention. To his vexation, his

attention perpetually wandered away to any and every topic but the right one—no matter how trifling. He pulled himself up with a jerk, just after mentally pondering about the storks on the tiles of the grate in his smoking den. Had they not ultra long legs? And were not the kicking frogs which they were in the act of swallowing unnaturally large? But no sooner was attention reined in than it was off once more at a tangent, like a shying horse.

This time Dare's thoughts were of commonplace occurrences a week or more old; and in disgust he sprang to his feet and made for the door.

"This will never do!" he exclaimed, half aloud. "At this rate I shall never decide on or classify anything by Doomsday. It's no use poking in here any longer. I feel as stupid as an owl. I suppose I'm too much bothered to do any good with myself to-day, and I'm only muddling my brains here. I'll go out and see what a rattling long walk will do for me—perhaps I shall feel more 'fit' on my legs."

A minute or two and Dare was in the street, walking as fast as the congested state of London traffic would permit. He had no particular route in view; his only idea being to *walk and walk*, no matter where. Though he did not know it, he was in reality trying to achieve the impossibility of getting away from *himself*.

It was a very unpleasant day; the intense cold had no briskness in it, no radiant brightness of clear sunshine and blue sky. All was rawness and gloom. Even Nature herself seemed trammelled by the fetters man had forged; fetters of grime, of overcrowding, overworking, and the whole inevitable paraphernalia of slavery in the bondage of Mammon. How could air be pure or clear when curtained by an atmospheric pall, well-nigh heavy enough to be cut with a knife?

A thick haze gave a strange foggy appearance to objects at any distance, while the brasses of the public-houses were reflected on the greasy pavements by the lens of luminosity behind the mist!

Oddly enough it never dawned on Dare to take refuge from the streets in park or gardens. He simply toiled on, without even so much as noticing where he was going. He scarcely heard the traffic roaring round him, like a turbulent sea; and took no heed to the raucous cries of newsvendors exultantly bawling of "eavy fightin' at the front, and rout of the henemy."

Omnibuses rumbled past him, gorged and disgorged at his elbow; in vain the drivers of empty and crawling hansoms or "growlers" held up the finger of solicitation for a fare. The preoccupied man was practically deaf to the "clatter, dash, rattle, bang, scamper, and tear" of London streets.

After a time his wanderings brought him into the Soho direction, and he was forging ahead careless of his whereabouts, when suddenly his progress was abruptly arrested by a violent collision with some intervening obstacle, and as he smashed into the outside stall of a second-hand book shop, Dare simultaneously came to his senses with dismay. All round him books lay strewn, more or less open and face downwards, their loose pages thick as autumn leaves on the ground, or so it seemed to him in his vexation.

"Now then, sir, take care if you please," crossly called out the man in charge. "It doesn't do old books no good to be chucked about on the pavement. I shall 'ave to mike a note of the damidges—no offence, but only fair to tride." "It's early in the dy for a gent to be unsteady on his legs, and not see strite," mentally commented the speaker, "odd, for he looks a very decent sort too."

"All right, my good fellow," said Dare. "Of course I'm quite ready to pay for any damage I've done. Let's see how many books are to pieces." And he began rapidly to collect the dismembered volumes.

"Not screwed, that's sartin," continued the shopman's mental commentary. "Anyway, 'e's a gentleman." And simultaneously with this dictum he joined Dare on the other side of the counter, to help in replacing the tumbled heap of literary hotch-potch on the somewhat rickety stand.

Evidently this was not at all a high-class shop. It must have been a very poor, very out-at-elbows cousin, many times removed, of the superior emporiums of fashionable streets. Queen's or King's English was manifestly not a strong point with the seedily-clothed "man in charge," and the stock itself was a very third-rate show, taken *en masse*. Grimy old "yellow-backs" with the coloured print on their covers nearly rubbed off, were there in plenty—for those who cared to pick them up for 6d. or less; their "loud" titles and faded smartness being nauseatingly suggestive of the tawdriness of some painfully *passées* members of a *corps de ballet*, seen by full light of day in their war paint. Interspersed with this sickly collection was a

strange conglomeration of more solid reading bound in correspondingly sober hues. Dingy histories from Hume to Markham's *England*; travels, geographies, lesson-books, and a Hamblin-Smith. While a fat little black-covered Butler's *Analogy* lay cheek by jowl with an agnostic treatise, on the muddy pavement.

As he replaced his last pile on the counter, Dare by some odd chance happened to look down at the uppermost of a few loose leaves he held—probably wondering to what books they belonged, before he deposited them within the covers of any in his hands. As a matter of fact this particular page topping the sheaf came from a book by a well-known Catholic author of the day, and as the heading of the page arrested Dare's attention he involuntarily ran his eye over the contents.

This is what he read :

It is related in the history of Abū Ali Talikain, that upon one occasion, being asked by the luxurious Khalifa Harun Al Raschid, "Have you ever met with any one of greater detachment than yourself?" he made answer, "Yes, oh Khalifa, *your* detachment exceeds mine, for *I* have only detached myself from this little world doomed to perdition, while you seem to have detached yourself *from the world which is infinite and shall endure for ever!*"

Like a flash of lightning the words burnt into Dare's brain ; standing out from the remainder of the page as though printed in letters of fire.

For *here* was precisely his own case in a nutshell ! What could be more analogous ? Had he not for the last months been trying his very hardest to reduce conscience to a state of somnolence ? Had he not given all his strength to the pursuit of worldly honours, clutching at the outward accidents of life, and ignoring the underlying substance of the Unseen ? And in the process, had he not so contrived to blunt the fine edge of his Moral Sense on the coarse fibre of the World and the Flesh, that nothing could have roused him from his state of self-imposed apathy, but some merciful shock, from Behind the Veil ? The shock had come last night, when he heard of Gertrude's heroism in the cause of religion—and to-day it had been even more mercifully supplemented by a great impression—all the more arresting, from its very suddenness.

The Hour as it passed had brought him yet another message.

In this short anecdote, culled from the lore of Eastern

asceticism, he read a personal significance of terrible import. "You seem to have detached yourself from the world which is infinite and shall endure for ever." What could he do? How else could he respond but by striking his breast, and crying, *Mea culpa, mea culpa, mea maxima culpa?*

For the sake of "this little world doomed to perdition" he had detached himself indeed from the Infinite Universe; and now like salvage from a wreck, he was cast up high and dry on that most desolate of all shores, the Desert Island of Irreligion, bounded by the bitter waters of the Dead Sea of Faithlessness.

"I'll trouble you for those few piges, please sir," said the shopman, and Dare started, as his reverie was interrupted; overpowered for a moment by a feeling of intense irritation with all small details, or sordid surroundings.

It was with a species of patience begotten of despair that he stayed to listen to the man's "professional" haggling about the amount of compensation due for the recent smash. Finding his listener so quiet he waxed garrulous.

"What may we have the pleasure, sir?" he queried, after Dare had handed over a small pile of coin as solatium for cracked backs and "fallen leaves." "Won't you be tempted to mike just a trifling purchase or two since you are here? You'll like *that* book? Thank you, sir. *Cawtholic* book, sir, been on our hands a long while. No demand for *relijeous* works—I'll throw in the Butler's *'Nalogy* and the *Evidences* for an old song—say another half-crown? You only want the Cawtholic book? All right, sir, but if you *should* know any gents, clergy or such like, who'd believe us of these Butlers and Paleys, we should be much obliged, sir. They only gather dust here," and with this parting shot at Protestant divines the man turned aside and busied himself with further tidying up—keeping a weather eye open for too infrequent customers, and laughing in his sleeve at the good bargain he had knocked out of Dare. "Why, it's worth havin' a stall bowled over every dy, at this rite," he grinned as he totted up the sum total of his unknown customer's generosity, and watched his receding figure until it was lost to view amongst the crowd. "'E is a gentleman, an' no mistike!"

CHAPTER XVI.

Her "mother, who was patient, being dead."

(*Patmore.*)

THE next interview between Gertrude and her father, though scarcely more painful than the first, was inevitably more decisive. Its duration was short, and the Baronet's manner throughout wore less of the icy hardness which had so much pained his daughter on the former occasion. The hardness was there indeed, but the coldness was replaced by the burning fire of English bigotry at its worst, and this, though Gertrude naturally quailed under it, was in reality less painful than the cold passion which had frozen her on the previous day.

Her chief feeling now was one of deep pity for her father. She loved him tenderly, and to witness his anger and sorrow, and to know that she had herself, for the first time in her life, brought such feelings into her father's heart, made her grieve far more intensely for him and for his sufferings than she feared for their effect upon herself. This effect, however, was not long in coming. It was formulated in a brief sentence, spoken with deliberate accents, though with burning anger also, when Sir Richard perceived clearly that Gertrude with steadfast will and unflinching resolve, maintained the attitude which she had already disclosed.

"Obstinacy," Sir Richard called it, and perhaps had it been so he might have appropriately reflected on the doctrine of heredity. But in point of fact it was the strength which God gives to those who pray to Him; that and nothing else.

Indeed it was no ordinary firmness which Gertrude needed, and looking back years later upon this day she always wondered that she could have endured its sufferings as she did. But what the French so happily term the *grace d'état* was hers, and she nobly corresponded to it.

"I told you yesterday," said Sir Richard, as he stood glaring angrily at his daughter, "that you must choose between me and your fanciful creed, between your father and the priests. You have chosen it seems. Well and good. Leave the house. You are no longer a daughter of mine. Go; I will not listen to another word."

And now the angry man stood with the door wide open, carried beyond all bounds of decency by his rage, so that the final words of dismissal were flung at his daughter in loud rasping

tones which were clearly audible to sundry servants who happened to be within shouting distance.

Well, the crisis had come now, and no mistake, and Gertrude was literally driven out of her childhood's home by her enraged father, who followed her into the hall, scarcely allowing her to snatch up her garden hat before he crashed the heavy front door behind her.

A misty, drizzling rain was falling as Gertrude, bowed down with her great sorrow, made her way along the familiar drive and passed through the lodge gates. The old woman whose duty it was to throw back the heavy portals for the entrance of carriages, came out at her approach, with a smile and a curtsey. She noticed that "her young lady" looked pale and sad, but she did not venture to ask the reason, though her kind old heart was sorry. Gertrude was a favourite among all the dependents of Pine Court, and old Mrs. Major, who kept the lodge, owed many and many a kindness and comfort to her. What would she have thought if she had known that her benefactress was leaving her home, not, as so often happened, even in weather such as this, on a mission of charity, but because she had been driven out like some begging impostor and tramp, by her own father!

And now Gertrude found herself alone on the high-road, homeless and penniless! Mechanically she walked on, thinking nothing about the direction she was taking, but simply walking straight ahead, because it was alike impossible to go back or to stand still. To go back would mean that she had resolved to give in to her father; to obey him rather than God; to stand still at that moment would make her feel as though her great resolution was wavering; that her will was bending before the fierce and awful temptation which assailed it.

And thus she walked on, because she knew in a dumb unreasoning way that her salvation depended upon it.

When an hour had passed, and she saw that she had got clear of the farms and cottages of Sir Richard's estate, and that no human habitation was in sight, she allowed her mind to travel back to that last decisive scene with her father.

Even then, drenched and forlorn as she was, the predominating emotion in her soul was the passion of pity for him. What was he doing now? She even glanced at her watch—her father's birthday gift three years before—to see what time it was, and to help her to shape the scene at Pine Court.

Half-past one. What was he doing then, as a rule? Sitting at the luncheon-table with her. Was he there now, alone with an empty place opposite where his daughter ought to have sat? Surely not. Surely he was too unhappy to sit down calmly to a meal, as though nothing had happened. But these speculations were vain, and when yet another hour had passed, Gertrude began to feel the urgent need of rest and refreshment. Some plan she must make.

A town lay, as she knew, some three miles ahead, and, as she remembered that, she quickened her steps, though a kind of faintness was beginning to creep over her. She began to feel a strange yearning for some human companionship, a longing to be away from the ungenial dampness and silence of the hills and trees which hemmed her in on all sides.

And yet, when with faltering steps she had at last reached the outlying houses of the town, and heard the bustle and clatter of everyday life, the sense of her utter loneliness seemed to increase. She saw ragged little children in the muddy road, barefooted and unkempt; but even these had homes, such as they were; and the all-possessing knowledge that she had none pierced her like a sword.

Aimlessly she walked through one small street after another, by a kind of instinct avoiding the more open and better-known thoroughfares in which she might perhaps meet with people who knew her. She had been longing for the past hour for human surroundings, and now she had them to her heart's content, the crowded, squalid humanity of a country town dependent for its welfare upon some tall, ugly factories. But her change of environment brought no ease to the aching at her heart. She was homeless, and what at that moment was worse, she was dreadfully hungry, not with the healthy appetite to which she was accustomed, but with the sickly, all-gone, powerless sensation which succeeds strong emotion, want of sleep, and unusual effort.

What was she to do? She found herself wondering how much longer she could walk on thus without falling. Then at last she came to a halt, holding on to some crazy wooden posts which divided the narrow, half-built street from a piece of waste ground. Time seemed to stand still as she stood there gazing dreamily at the rank grass on the other side of the posts, counting the dandelions and the stones, the rusty tins and broken crockery, but her brain seemed to sway, and she almost lost

consciousness of where she was, and vaguely wondered if she would wake up and find herself in her bed at Pine Court.

Then came darkness and oblivion, of what duration she knew not, and when consciousness returned she really did find herself in bed, but not at home. The room was small and unpapered. There were no pictures, and none of the little odds and ends which make a bed-room homely. The only thing which broke the monotonous whiteness of the walls was a printed card in a frame, headed by the word "Rules" in large, aggressive type.

But Gertrude could scarcely take in her surroundings, still less could she speculate about them, for her head was a mass of pain, and she instinctively closed her weary eyes against the light. A few minutes later she opened them again, for she heard a slight movement, and there at the bedside was a kind-faced woman, holding something in her hand.

"Ah, you are awake," were the words Gertrude heard ; "try and drink this."

"This" proved to be some cordial or medicine, which seemed to put new life into her, though when she tried to speak she became conscious how weak she was.

Of course the position was soon explained. Gertrude, harassed and excited by all that had passed between her and her father, was still further worn out with the long walk, and the still longer abstinence from food and sleep. When she sank down she had been already drenched with the rain, and no doubt she had remained unnoticed for some time, until she became thoroughly chilled through.

As it happened, a kind-hearted working-man was the first to come upon her. He ran and informed the police, and by them she was carried to the workhouse, a few streets distant, and placed under the care of the matron. Thanks in a great measure to Charles Dickens, workhouses are very different places from what they were when he scourged them in *Oliver Twist* and *Our Mutual Friend*, and perhaps nothing at that moment could have been done better for Gertrude than to take her to the Union. She received the tenderest care, and her sojourn within its walls had the effect of making Sir Richard Forester thoroughly ashamed of himself, a salutary state of mind which nothing else could have brought about.

The fact that for three or four days the doctor forbade her to be moved, deepened Sir Richard's shame, and added to the publicity of his conduct.

At last, looking only a shadow of her former healthy self, Gertrude, propped up with pillows, and encased in rugs, was driven back to Pine Court in her father's carriage, and to do the Baronet as much justice as he deserved, it may be added that while still far from forgiving his daughter for daring, without his leave, to follow the dictates of her conscience, he realized that in driving her out of her home and leaving her to be rescued by public charity, he had stretched the great principle of private judgment, on which Protestantism is based, somewhat further than it would bear. These simple facts became very easily distorted into the tale which Lady Dimsdale had related to Ronald on the night of the Dacres' party, and several other highly embroidered narratives flew about the neighbourhood of Sir Richard Forester's dwelling, much to the annoyance of that worthy Baronet.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE LAST PRESCRIPTION.

THE first few days succeeding Gertrude's return home were like a blank sheet in the record of her life. After a certain point, misery of body or mind witnesses to the truth of the axiom that "extremes meet." The acute state of Gertrude's agitation gave place to dull numbness. She seemed half dazed after the workhouse episode. Still genuinely ill, she could do nothing but lie on the sofa in her room stunned by violent reaction. The weather had become hot, the windows were thrown up, and the flap-flapping of the lowered blinds, stirred by the summer breeze, sounded its soothing rhythm in the ears of the weary girl. Outside, the birds cheeped, twittered or quarrelled as the spirit moved them, the music of tree-land, mingling with other far-off country sounds. To all outward appearances, Gertrude might have had no other wish but to be left in peace, to lie on that sofa for ever. Books or papers she did not care to open; the doctor's attempts at small talk fell dismally flat, and as often as not, she took no notice of his professionally cheerful remarks. A week of this state of things made him shake his head and look grave as he left Pine Court, and he determined to speak his mind to Sir Richard, whether that gentleman liked it or not.

"Your daughter does not progress as I expected she would,"

began the doctor, when by special request he had gained access to the *sanctum sanctorum* of the smoking-room at the Court. "I am doing all I can, but it is only my duty to inform you that her condition is very far from satisfactory. Oh, yes," he went on, in answer to a question of the Baronet's, "Miss Forester has ail she wants as to creature comforts, medicines, and so on, but there are some cases, my dear sir, that are not to be met by bodily ministrations alone, and this is one of them. I've suspected all along that medicines would not do much good here, and I'm right. I'll tell you what it is, Sir Richard, your daughter wants *rousing*. And unless she *is* roused you will very probably have her a permanent invalid on your hands. There is far more in the science of nerve ailments than is dreamed of in the rough and ready-made philosophy of the general public. I tell you, there are numbers of cases which positively baffle us medical men; mysterious maladies which only the keenest-edged intellects can grapple with successfully. Organic mischief is more or less plain-sailing. We can at least meet it on its own ground, even when we can't effect a cure; it is tangible at any rate. But where a patient's psychology, instead of his or her physiology, is concerned, it is a very different matter. Why bless me, my dear sir," continued the doctor, warming to his subject, "bless me, if a man doesn't require extraordinary faculties *himself*, before he can tackle the nervous system adequately! First and foremost, he needs mental penetration like X rays; he ought to be able to see 'round a corner,' and be as many-sided as a cut diamond. However, this is neither here nor there; what we have to consider is, how can we best act for your daughter's good? If I give her tonics enough to float a man-of-war, I shan't be a bit nearer curing her. You see I am candid, very candid, Sir Richard. What is more, my coming and looking at her every day won't be of much use. Miss Forester has no fever or chill now; her temperature is rather below normal. She is ill, because she has had a shock, and what she wants is a counter-shock to rouse her out of her apathy. Her recovery rests far more with you than with me at the present stage. I really must beg you to recognize this. *You* know what is on her mind; and she won't be any better till her mind is relieved. We professional men must perforce be wide in our view of things; and though I'm anything but a Catholic myself, I should be the first to say, if *my* daughter wanted to become a

Roman Catholic, 'Give her her head!' My dear sir, send for a priest (if you can get one) and let her unburden her mind—it is figuratively congested with unspoken thoughts. You must pardon me when I add that I know there has been trouble here about religion. Unless one is absolutely deaf or in one's dotage, it is impossible not to catch fragments of the remarks and reports which busybodies are bandying about the county. Put an end to such chatter by curing your daughter. I'm speaking out wholly and solely for her good, and your satisfaction, and because as an old family doctor I claim the privilege of frankness."

If Dr. Drysdale reckoned on making much impression on Sir Richard, he was doomed to disappointment. He was courteously listened to, it is true, but for any awakened emotion the impenetrable father might just as well have been the bust of a former Sir Richard Forester gracing the corner of the room.

"If you suppose, doctor, that I have the slightest intention of seeking to propitiate my daughter in any way, you are labouring under a great mistake," he replied coldly. "No wonder reports are flying about. Miss Forester has taken it upon herself to persist in defying my express commands. You are quite correct as to 'trouble on the score of religion'; she chooses to go over to Rome to thwart *me*, her father, to the extent of preferring to break home ties rather than give in. What, I ask you, remains for *me* to do? I give her the shelter of this house after she has irretrievably compromised herself by her absurd obstinacy, and I think I cannot be expected to do more under the circumstances. Of course, if she comes to her senses and gives up this new craze of changing her religion, that will make all the difference. When she recovers she can please herself as to her course of action; what more can I say? I shall not again request her to leave the Court—so far, I forgive her—but whether I ever meet her on the old terms is a purely personal matter which I must decline to discuss."

And so saying, Sir Richard politely intimated that the interview was at an end. Clearly nothing more could be made of him that day.

Dr. Drysdale was quite sagacious enough to see that any further efforts on Gertrude's behalf would for the present do more harm than good, and probably merely increase her father's irritation against her; so wishing Sir Richard a "very good

morning," the doctor gladly quitted the frigid atmosphere of the *sanctum sanctorum*, and leaving the master of Pine Court monarch of all he surveyed, the kind-hearted medico tramped down the carriage-drive towards his dog-cart to the tune of his own vexatious soliloquy.

"If that old idiot Forester goes on being obstinate, I'm hanged if I know what is to be the end of this family jar—*family smash* would be more appropriate. If he won't listen to reason, well, he *won't*, and there's nothing more to be said. Meantime I can keep an eye on that poor girl, and if I do see any loophole for helping to get her out of the wood, I'm her man."

While the doctor bowled along the straight, dry roads in his dogcart, "that poor girl" lay back on her sofa utterly spiritless, and well-nigh despairing; like the doctor, she asked herself, "What is to be the end of all this?" If she could only get well, then without delay she must be received into the Church; and if her father still continued adamantine, then she would have to see about carving out her future independently of him. But oh, it was hard to break the old ties; to turn her back on the only home she had ever known. Every inch of it seemed part and parcel of herself, woven into the very fabric of her being, and to shake the dust of twenty-four years off her feet was indeed a tearing asunder of the joints and marrow, from which weak nature instinctively recoiled. Her anxiety to get well became so insistent that it defeated itself; and the doctor felt inclined to smash his clinical thermometer with disappointment when it registered a rise of temperature a few days later.

"There'll be an inquest here yet, and that ass Forester will be answerable. I'm blest if I won't refuse a certificate," was his mental comment as he jingled the ingenious little contrivance in a tumbler of water and then slipped it into its case. He was not at all pleased with its registration—"high temperature won't improve matters. I'll wait a little longer and then if I don't have another opinion my name's not Charles Drysdale."

Outside, the summer days were gorgeously prodigal of sunshine. Nature was aggressively gay and blooming—a flaring contrast to the poor human nature behind the flapping blinds of her bed-room.

Dewy mornings ushered in radiant long hours, and drowsy afternoons were followed by breathless twilights, when bats

skimmed swiftly through the gloaming, and great night-moths lost their way and strayed through open windows and blundered into candle flames, which burned steadily and unwinkingly in the airless nocturnal calm.

The county gossip relative to affairs at Pine Court gradually died out from inanition, failing further developments. After Gertrude was installed safe and sound at home again nothing remained to talk about, except indeed that the workhouse episode was told to all new-comers, and outward events were running once more on oiled wheels, and little did the neighbours dream of the perturbation of the spiritual atmosphere. "Hoist South Cone" would have been far more appropriate, than notions prophetic of fair weather.

Gertrude, it is true, was at home; but never were appearances of well-being more delusive.

Her installation was merely a matter of "board and lodging;" her body was well cared for, while her higher nature—all that made her *herself*, and not another—was being slowly starved and stifled in a prison-house of repression. She was indeed far more lonely than if she had been by herself in a foreign hotel. *There*, she would have had a chance of winning a small share of kindly interest, but *here*, at Pine Court, the very well-springs of sympathy were dammed up at their source, leaving the realms of affection, as a parched and dreary land. Only too clearly Gertrude saw that she had not advanced one inch towards regaining her old position at home. "Home," indeed! Why the word was a mere mockery now—almost comic in its incongruity, if it had not been for the latent underlying tragedy of the situation. This was apparently a case where time would fail to work wonders; for under such conditions she might live fifty years under the same roof with her father, while in reality they would be as far as the poles apart.

It was the hopelessness of her outlook that broke her down. Sir Richard's distant cold courtesy was impenetrable as a stone wall; he never asked Gertrude about herself, or her life, or made any suggestions for the future.

No, there was nothing for it but to wait until she was well enough to map out some plans unaided.

Finally youth, and a naturally strong constitution, gained the day, and Gertrude left her sofa to take up the broken threads of her daily life as best she could. "The county" was much

exercised as to what attitude to adopt towards her. Sir Richard Forester's daughter was clearly "in disgrace"—ought she to be met on the old ground? A few hardy and independent individuals declared that she ought; but their efforts were not very successful. It was all *en règle* to drive over and leave cards turned up at the corner, but inquiries were met by enigmatical, evasive answers from the stiff grey-headed old butler, whose expression was one of starched, rather shocked surprise at being interrogated at all concerning the poor black sheep.

Any attempts at open *sympathy* Sir Richard annihilated with a look; and gradually relations between Pine Court and the county became more or less strained and artificial.

But Gertrude had something far more important to think about than her footing in local society. The time had come for her to be received into the Church at last, and for making a profession of that faith for which she had given up so much.

She made no secret of her intention to her father. Everything was open and above-board. Her reward speedily came. After long, long weeks of "dryness" she felt the blessed healing influence of *Consolation*. On the evening of the day of days, when she could call herself a Catholic, in deed and in truth, she actually dared to be happy, so great was her relief, so invigorating the newly-acquired health of soul!

Thoughts of the past or future she rigorously excluded from the chambers of her mind, and letting herself drift on the tide of Grace she indulged in a wide-awake dream of spiritual contentment—the best and only anodyne for storm-rocked spirits.

The doctor's theory that "a rouser" was needed to meet the situation at Pine Court was perfectly correct,—dictated as it was by one of those unerring instincts which are the special gift of the receptive man—and the touchstone of his genius.

Acute sensibility is quick of perception. Instead of dealing with Humanity as a wholesale consignment, Dr. Drysdale, happily for his patients, made a point of studying his cases individually. "Discrimination" was his watchword; he was the very opposite of the unreceptive individual who takes everything and everybody literally, and whose inveterate habit of calling "a spade a spade" when it ought to be called a shovel, or possibly a spillikin, quite precludes him from excelling as a specialist for meeting *any* of the needs, moral or physical, of suffering Nature.

On the contrary, such a man runs no small risk of doing more harm than good, even while actuated by the best intentions.

Had Gertrude's doctor been an unreceptive man he would have viewed her case in a different light altogether ; she would merely have been suffering from "the effect of a feverish chill," &c. The idea that her psychology was upsetting her physiology would never have dawned upon him, nor is it likely that the suggestion of a counter-shock—a hair of the dog by which she had been bitten—would ever have been offered.

But it is one thing to suggest a remedy and another to apply it, and the problem now was how to provide a shock.

Professionally speaking his patient was out of the doctor's hands, but he had "looked in" as a friend once or twice lately, and was at his wits' end (to use his own expression) concerning Sir Richard's attitude. That gentleman still remained stiff-necked as ever ; and apart from the fact that Gertrude's face had lost its hopeless expression and wore a peaceful look, matters were *in statu quo*, petrified into a most unpleasing shape.

With all his astuteness, however, Dr. Drysdale was just a little out in his calculations now. Since her reception into the Church, Gertrude was no longer a subject for "rousing." The most perfect of remedies had been applied, the remedy of Grace. To enter the Church, moreover, is to enter upon a universe and is a revival for exhausted nature, nothing less indeed than a resurrection from the tomb of the Past.

No, it was not Gertrude now, but Sir Richard who needed a shock—a shock to overturn his prejudices.

"I assure you, doctor, you needn't worry about *me*. I feel ever so much better, quite *different* since—since—"

"Since you were a Roman Catholic," said the doctor, smiling indulgently at Gertrude. "Very glad, dear Miss Forester, if you have found a bit of comfort. But you ought to be enjoying life, not enduring it, at your age. You can't be shut up here for ever with—" (he was going to say "that old fossil," but pulled himself in just in time). "You can't, I add, be shut up at Pine Court to the end of your days leading the life of an elderly recluse. Won't you get someone to come and stay with you? Someone who will liven you up a bit? You've no idea how much better two heads are than one when you are worried or moped. Come, that's my last prescription. Run and have it made up. That is to say, write by to-night's post to any friend

you fancy, and find out what a fine thing an outside influence is for brushing away cobwebs." "Heaven knows the cobwebs are thick enough in this household!" mentally concluded the doctor. "They'll want pretty strong handling to dislodge them." And half laughing at his own unspoken wit, Dr. Drysdale left Gertrude to think over his "last prescription."

"Dear old doctor, he's absurdly worried about me I can see," she mused. "It's very nice though to have any one worry about you—it shows a kind, sympathetic heart. All the same, I don't see how I'm to take his advice. Why, I don't know any one to ask down here. All my friends belong to these parts; how the girls would laugh if I sent an invitation to any one of them to come and put up here for a week or a fortnight. They would most probably think I was playing them some sort of new joke. No, it's not to be thought of; the best thing I can do is to get away myself—but the difficulty is, where shall I go?"

There is an optimistic French proverb to the effect that "things arrange themselves," and though by no means an infallible guide, it proves a valid saying at certain times and in diverse manners. Had Gertrude only known it, "things" were even now on the point of "arranging themselves," without any active intervention on her part. At breakfast next morning Sir Richard looked up from a letter he had been reading, and lo and behold, he was actually smiling, as he spoke in the following strain:

"Gertrude, my dear, here's news from your uncle. He's in England on leave after this South African affair. He did not write before to say he was coming, because he wanted to surprise us all over here and 'just walk in,' as he puts it; he always hated anything like a fuss or being made much of. He says he will run down here by the eleven-ten on Thursday, so have everything ready and comfortable for him in good time."

Gertrude flushed slightly; here was the visitor, though a very different one from the guest Dr. Drysdale had expected. Colonel Everard Forester was a host in himself; quite a "power" in the Forester family, and nothing could have been more opportune than his arrival. He was many many years Sir Richard's junior, and the antithesis of "the old English gentleman" with his narrow code; the area of one brother was within the radius of his own county; whereas the other brother's boundary-lines were those of the wide world itself. And herein lay all the difference between the two men.

"I'm very glad, father," replied Gertrude; "very glad to think of seeing uncle again. Of course, I'll have everything comfortable for him by Thursday. Indeed, I only wish he were coming to-morrow."

A vague, rather wild hope flickered up suddenly. Could Uncle Everard do her a great service? Could he re-instal her in her father's affections? Could his breezy, practical nature act as an antidote to this miserable oppression of the Pine Court atmosphere? Unless the gallant officer had changed considerably during the last few years, surely his presence under the circumstances would be as salutary as a blast of cool wind through a hot room long shut up, its air heavy with the stupefying odour of poppies.

Of course it was by no means improbable that Colonel Forester might view events wholly and solely through his brother's spectacles, and then Gertrude's position, instead of being improved, would, if anything, be rather worse; but when the tide of affairs runs strongly against us we gladly catch at any forlorn hope, floating driftwood, or even straws, in our battle with the current. Gertrude was no less ready to clutch at the straw of a fresh influence; whether she was logical to put hope side by side with her uncle's advent, never entered into her calculations. But, logic apart, there lurked an uneasy feeling of apprehension behind the curtain of her subconscious self—would it suddenly spring from behind its ambush into the full light of reality on the stage of events? Was she mistaking a "straw" for a life-buoy?

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE SACRIFICE OF JUSTICE.

TO describe Ronald Dare's conversion as thorough, is but a poor and inadequate description of the psychological cataclysm which so effectually overthrew the carefully built up structure of his ambitions; ambitions intended formerly to be an everlasting habitation and the recompense for his having made unto himself friends with the Mammon of Unrighteousness. He had seen himself as he was, not as the world saw him, and the sight had filled him with horror, branding its own lesson on the very fabric of his being. What is the pride of life, what is the earth,

in contrast to the spiritual life and the immensity of the spiritual universe? Mere nothingness in itself; and at best only the drop-scene to that infinitude of reality beyond the veil of outward impressions. Like the trumpet of an avenging angel, Dare's conscience had wailed its piercing note through heart and brain, while louder and louder clamoured the turmoil of his wrecked "world" as he realized ever more poignantly how deluded he had been to mistake the shadow for the substance. All that he had worked and slaved and lied and striven to attain was in reality but so much "gimcrackery" destined to be swept one day into the dustbin of useless and used up worldly garniture.

It was Sunday evening, and unable to bear the pressure of his own thoughts any longer, Dare again took refuge in the streets. This time not without purpose. He would go to church! To his own Church, the only Church where the Lamp of Truth burned for ever with undying and undimmed flame throughout the Ages. Past memories of a fine monastic church in a happily unfashionable district suddenly revived. Though he had never practised his religion since boyhood, old habits and youthful traditions had from time to time gripped him with insistent hands, and almost against his will he had occasionally found himself wandering into Catholic churches, staring round in a dazed kind of way like a runaway prodigal son, drawn back by some subtle attraction to the home he had voluntarily forsaken. But the prodigal had never in this instance returned to stay until to-night. Dare reached the church door somewhat late, and entered to the majestic thunder-roll of Plain Chant. It was the hour of Compline.

Sacrifice Sacrificium Justitiae et sperate in Domino, sang the choir.

Another message of the hour!

More handwriting on the wall!

Repentance alone was not enough; reparation must be made, and the "Sacrifice of Justice" offered up.

After Dare had made his peace at the Tribunal of Penance there would still remain a debt to pay. When laying the "gift" of his sacrificed ambition on the altar of self-surrender, it was fitting that no human soul should have "aught against him."

There was Gertrude to be reckoned with yet; *she* had much "against him." But for his false standpoint she would not have suffered all the misery of the last few months. For though

Sir Richard Forester made position the *sine qua non* of his daughter's marriage, there was no reason why Gertrude and Ronald should part to meet no more. Marriage apart, they could love each other none the less; and hold true to their mutual trust, for where immortal souls are concerned, to be *one in sympathy* is surely the closest union of all.

Certain it is that the "anti-sympathetic" among men, may be far apart as the North and South Poles, while in outward contiguity. "Unless you can love as the Angels love, with the breadth of Heaven betwixt you, oh, never call it loving!" ran the words of an old song which Dare remembered hearing in his boyhood's days; now their refrain rang from out the past with startlingly clear insistence, and he realized as he had never realized before how profoundly true they were. Why had he not been patient, loving Gertrude none the less for the chasm her "world" opened between them? And after having pledged his constancy, why had he not been content to work his way forward by honourable upright means until he could purchase the *fetich* of position demanded by Sir Richard as "open sesame" to his family circle? In his hurry to advance on the road to success the rightful highway had appeared too long and tedious; he had preferred to shorten his route, *via* the bypath of deceit; and lo and behold instead of bringing him out where he expected, it had landed him farther off than ever from his much desired goal. He had suffered, and what was more he had made someone else suffer.

He could not undo the past, but he could and would make restitution at all costs. First and foremost the highest of Tribunals must be faced, and then, Dare told himself, "I will set off for Pine Court as fast as steam can carry me, and if I cannot comfort Gertrude I can at least make the confession due to her before old Forester kicks me out."

Indeed Dare was in that condition when he would positively have enjoyed and welcomed "kicks," whether physical or metaphorical! His desire for atonement had become so enthusiastic, if such a word may be used, that in his heart of hearts he actually went far enough to hanker after mediaeval penances, of the white sheet, lighted taper, and barefoot description. A fever of violent reaction was running high; he needed much skilful handling to steady his steps and save him from blundering into some impetuous headlong course, for perseverance in which he was totally unfitted. A few days later

found him calmer ; and reconciled with Heaven. In spite of his present *attrait* for strong measures, his desires in that regard were amply satisfied when the hour of ordeal approached and then closed in upon him. Naturally we cannot follow him into the confessional, where the sacred seal of privacy draws an impenetrable veil between two souls and the outside world. But we can well add that the strong man came forth more exhausted than he had ever felt after the most fatiguing "all-night sitting" in the House. His reward however was more than worth the price. At last he had peace of mind ; he had done the right thing ; and as consolation thrilled in every vein he registered a vow to be true to his faith and to himself for Life and for Death. Henceforth there should be nothing in his future that was not open, honest, and above-board.

Flotsam and Jetsam.

Irae Scientificæ.

ON October the 12th, Sir Oliver Lodge, delivering an address as President of the Midland Institute, devoted his attention to the philosophy of creation propounded by Professor Haeckel in his *Riddle of the Universe*, and *Confession of Faith of a Man of Science*. It is not probable that those who are familiar with these works will consider that Sir Oliver treated their author with undue severity,—to say the least,—for he described the *Riddle* as “eloquent,” which will set many a-wondering what words mean,—but for all that, he felt compelled to pronounce that Haeckel has “taken the bit between his teeth and bolted” from the paths of true science, and that a philosopher who preaches such doctrines as his “must be content with an audience of uneducated persons.”

Discussing specific points of the Haeckelian creed, Sir Oliver described one of its main foundation-stones, namely, the inorganic origin of life, will, and consciousness, as,

equivalent to a developed kind of spontaneous generation : a hypothesis contrary to the facts of science as at present known—the facts of biogenesis so emphasized by Professor Huxley.

These last words speedily raised storms. Without delay, Dr. Chalmers Mitchell addressed a letter to the *Times*, in which, after describing Sir Oliver Lodge’s utterance as an attempt “to cast the ultimate uncertainties of scientific knowledge into a form that will soothe the supporters of dogmatic theology,” he went on to protest that Sir Oliver has no right to quote Huxley in his support,—since “he differs from the authority he cites.”¹

To prove his point, Dr. Chalmers Mitchell calls the evidence of Huxley himself, from whose famous Presidential Address to

¹ *Times*, October 18th, p. 5.

the British Association, in 1870, he prints an extract of some length. But what of its purport?

The said Address had for its subject the case of *Biogenesis*, or the doctrine that life comes only from antecedent life, as against *Abiogenesis*, or that of its inorganic origin; and after a careful examination of the question, Biogenesis was pronounced "victorious all along the line," a conclusion regarding which, as he told his audience, Huxley himself could not express his personal conviction too strongly.

This seems emphatic enough, and it likewise appears absolutely to agree with Sir Oliver Lodge's statement, that, according to Huxley, the facts of Science, as known to us, are contrary to the hypothesis of the spontaneous generation of life from inorganic matter.

But after thus acknowledging that spontaneous generation is absolutely unknown to Science, Professor Huxley proceeded to guard himself against the imputation of saying, that this process, which he clearly recognized as an evolutionary necessity, had never taken place. Here, however, he frankly abandoned the ground of Science for that of pure speculation; and it is this portion of his Address which is now produced to convict Sir Oliver Lodge of misquotation.

We know far too little, said Huxley, to be able to pronounce that what is never found to happen now, has never happened in the past, or will never happen in the future. For himself, "in the admitted absence of evidence," he would not go so far as to profess belief in its occurrence; but were it given to him to look back through the prodigious vista of the past, beyond the abyss of geologically recorded time, to a condition of things totally unlike that with which we are acquainted, he would then expect to be witness of the evolution of living protoplasm from not living matter. "But," he added, "I beg you once more to recollect that I have no right to call my opinion anything but an act of philosophical faith."

It is not easy to see how all this, whatever value may be ascribed to such conjectures, can be supposed in any way to contradict, and not rather powerfully to corroborate, the statement that according to Professor Huxley spontaneous generation of the organic from the inorganic is "contrary to the facts of Science as at present known." Accordingly, when Sir Oliver Lodge replied to Dr. Mitchell,¹ by declaring that "the

¹ *Times*, October 19th, p. 4.

attitude of Professor Huxley to the whole question of biogenesis on the one hand, and the origin of life on the other, has always seemed to me thoroughly admirable,—the only question to be possibly raised might appear to be—How can an attitude be described as admirable which assuredly is non-scientific, abandoning as it does the ground of ascertained fact upon which alone Science has any power?

This, however, does not seem to be the light in which the matter presents itself to such a representative of the scientific school as Professor Ray Lankester, who forthwith comes forth¹ in his wrath, to belabour Sir Oliver Lodge as with a bludgeon—in a fashion to which our polite generation is little accustomed. Sir Oliver's letter, says the Professor, "is no reply or defence to the charge very properly brought against him by Dr. Chalmers Mitchell;" he has "in a public address grossly and outrageously misrepresented Huxley's teaching;" "his expression of admiration for Professor Huxley will not save him from the fate of those convicted of bearing false witness;" "he must admit his error, explain it, and apologize for it, unless he be content to be known as one who wilfully confuses Science with romance."

What is this Berserker fury all about? If Huxley actually said that Science knows nothing of spontaneous generation, why is it so very wicked to say that he said so? And if, not observed facts, but imagined possibilities, have to be quoted to justify beliefs (or expectations—which seem to be much the same thing), *who* should be open to the charge of confusing Science and romance?

¹ *Times*, October 21st, p. 10.

Reviews.

I.—AUBREY DE VERE.¹

DESPITE the true poetic quality of his muse and the note of distinction which marked all that Aubrey de Vere wrote in either verse or prose, it is certain that he is not adequately known to those who know him only by his literary productions, and that the man himself was but inadequately represented by the best of his works. Nor was it only those who enjoyed his personal familiarity who felt this, for their affection and esteem did much to diffuse amongst others as well the charm he exercised upon themselves. His own *Recollections*, published towards the close of his long life, did much to deepen the impression, and we may specially refer to an admirable portrait drawn of him in our own pages shortly after his death by one who knew him well.²

The still more intimate sources of information which in the present volume Mr. Wilfrid Ward has utilized with his wonted judgment and skill, serve to complete the picture of a character rendered singularly attractive by the union of qualities not often combined. Though possessed by an intense love of nature, Aubrey de Vere never became a mere nature-worshipper, and from her loftiest heights ever gazed towards heights that are higher: the warmth and tenderness of his affections, and his keen appreciation of beauty, appear never to have dimmed the purity of an unblemished soul: by family tradition and temperament an aristocrat of aristocrats, preserving in an altered world the courtly polished manners of an earlier generation, he was ever in hearty and earnest sympathy with the poor, and with all measures for their good; in like manner,

¹ *Aubrey de Vere, a Memoir, based on his unpublished Diaries and Correspondence.* By Wilfrid Ward. London: Longmans and Co., 1904. x. 428 pp. Price 14s. net.

Poems from the Works of Aubrey de Vere. Selected and edited by Lady Margaret Domville. London: Catholic Truth Society, xxi. 183 pp. 1s. net.

² THE MONTH, September, 1902: "Aubrey de Vere—a portrait," by C. Toole.

while totally opposed to all that savoured of the Jacobin spirit, and to the agitations led by demagogues, he was ever the patriotic Irishman, and desired nothing more than to see the political wrongs of his country righted. "My sympathies," he wrote, in 1848, "go strongly with national deliverances, though not with revolutionary insurrections," and, although it was not till 1851 that he became a Catholic, he had as a boy joined enthusiastically in the jubilation which hailed the Emancipation Act of 1829. The refinement and delicacy of his mind never impaired its virility,—nor the habitual solemnity of his thoughts his gaiety and sense of humour,—so that, as Coventry Patmore said, he "looked like sunshine" to the friends he visited. Above all, it was his sense of religion—as sweet and kindly as it was sincere and deep—pervading his whole life, that, reflected in his every action, imparted to them the incomparable charm of utter unworldliness.

It is not wonderful that with such a man friends were not so much numerous as innumerable. His life was in fact made up of friendships, as deep and tender as they were high-souled, and it is in their record, whether from his own pen or that of others, that the materials are found of which Mr. Ward has made such good use. While still but a youth of seventeen, de Vere was admitted to the intimacy of Sir William Rowan Hamilton, philosopher and Astronomer Royal, and the list of those whom he similarly captivated as years went on is of itself his monument,—Wordsworth, the object of his affectionate and unbounded admiration, Southey, Campbell, Hartley and Sara Coleridge, Campbell, Rogers, Sydney Smith, Crabb Robinson, Spring Rice, Monckton Milnes, Sir Henry Taylor (with whom was the deepest and most intimate of his friendships), Mrs. Craven, Cardinal Newman, Father Faber,—to name no more—were amongst those who recognized the charm both of his personality and of his writings. These found the warmest appreciation on the part of those whose judgment was best worth hearing, and their comparative failure to win general popularity was doubtless largely due to a quality which might rightly be reckoned as not the least of their merits. For, if it is quite untrue that his poems lack passion, they are certainly devoid of that particular form of it to which the name is commonly restricted, and without which to so many the best work seems insipid. But of his poetry it has been well said, "The lofty themes by which it is inspired, the thoughtful,

restrained pathos, the grace of the lyrics, and the religious and moral forces which, like a purifying wind sweep from it everything which is trivial and unworthy; all combine to reveal the singleness of his aim and the unconscious nobility of his nature."

The limitations of our space allow us to give no more than one specimen of the manner in which Aubrey de Vere reveals himself in Mr. Ward's pages, in which, if we may hint a deficiency, we could wish for somewhat fuller information in the matter of dates. To his American friend, Professor Eliot Norton, then about to visit Ireland, de Vere wrote:

As for the encroachments of town with its prosperous vulgarities upon the fields and ferns, this is unhappily but a type of a similar encroachment going on in our minds . . . to the great loss of the greener and lovelier precincts of them. "The world is too much with us," even in that spiritual region; and I often think we shall have to form some religious communities of a new sort, including a "third order" to which any of the laity may belong. One of our rules should be that we should read the newspapers standing on our feet, by which the time commonly assigned to that opium-eating of the West would be much abridged; we should also be bound to believe exactly the opposite of what the *Times* newspaper may assert on all spiritual, moral, and philosophical subjects; one half of our daily reading should consist of books written at least two centuries ago: no one should be bound to subscribe to hospitals unless he chose to do so; but everyone should have to visit the sick poor, and even taste the cup of cold water before he gave it:—"public opinion" should be held, at least secretly, to be no Prophet, or at best not to rise beyond the dignity of a False Prophet inspired but by some deluding dream; and virtue should have her new tripod of "self-respect" pulled from under her, and be required to stand once more (unless she preferred to kneel) upon the ancient ways of "our duty to God, and our duty to our neighbour." Thus we should endeavour to live a saner life than people do at present, and to make death less like an impudent interruption.

Aubrey de Vere was a frequent and valued contributor to THE MONTH, in which sonnets and poems from his pen appear at intervals for a quarter of a century (1868—1893). In 1880 he devoted two articles to a study of his friend and great exemplar, Wordsworth.

The little volume of selections issued by the Catholic Truth Society will, it is to be hoped, serve to make his poems better

known amongst Catholics in general, to whom they should be recommended by the very qualities which, as has been said, appear in great measure to have hindered their popularity with the world at large. One verse may be cited from this collection, as having an obvious bearing on his own ideas in this connection, and this too in one of his youthful utterances.

Hands rubbed together smell still of earth
 The hot-bed verse has a hot-bed taint;
 'Tis sense turned sour, its cynical mirth;
 'Tis pride, its darkness; its blush, 'tis paint.

2.—IN MANY LANDS.¹

Mother T. A. Carroll, the authoress of *Leaves from the Annals of the Sisters of Mercy*, is not responsible for the fulsome praise with which her publishers have done their best to make her new book ridiculous. Just fancy describing any book whatever in terms such as these: "Churches, religious foundations, public buildings, palaces, monuments, and historic tombs, are graphically described. Memorable facts and traditions connected with them are felicitously presented with a fine literary setting, exhibiting knowledge gleaned from every available source. . . . In fact we know of no book of memoirs or travels that can at all compare with it; none that combines the completeness, scope, and humour of Mother Teresa Austin Carroll's new book *In many Lands*."

Very few books could afford to be judged by such a standard, and *In many Lands* merely gives in simple and unaffected language, but with a disregard for style and consecutiveness which is far from literary, the notes she took down during some travels through the British Isles, France, and Italy. For quiet reading within the precincts of the convent, among those who know and love the authoress, the book will be in its place and be approved. But it is hard to see what purpose its publication can serve, for the notes are mostly far too thin to be informative or interesting, and the inaccuracies are prodigious. Thus we are told that "the [Birmingham] Oratory is the largest church in England;" that "Parr's life-pills are [Old Parr's] legacy to the world;" that Edinburgh "is overshadowed by Arthur's Seat, on which stands the famous Castle;" that "in the crypt [of

¹ *In many Lands.* By a Member of the Order of Mercy. New York: O'Shea and Co.

the Houses of Parliament] are the splendid porphyry and marble tombs of Wellington and Nelson ;" that "there are several interesting churches in Canterbury, St. Margaret's [being] styled the mother-church," and St. Martin's, as no mention of it is made, being apparently not reckoned in the number of interesting churches ; that "St. Peter's is in the oldest, and what was once the most wicked, quarter of Rome—in the Palatine ;" that "the last Archbishop of Canterbury of whom the world at large has heard was an [unnamed] dignitary to whom George IV. wrote [a comparatively unimportant letter] in 1823 ;" that "Queen Victoria's features, like those of her family, are heavy, and the expression in still as in real life is almost sulky or dissatisfied," and that "if there was a plainer-looking woman in England than her Majesty [the authoress] had not the good fortune to meet her ;" that "among civilized nations there are no people more ignorant than the genuine Cockneys or Londoners pure and simple, [that] they seem to have no general information ;" that as a natural result London has no "influence in Parliament ;" and that "[no one] ever hears of anything of consequence said or done in the House of Commons by the members for London ;" also that "when people from within the sound of Bow Bells have a smattering of education, they give out their views so dogmatically that they allow of no difference of opinion"—a statement which sets us wondering whether the authoress herself could have been born within that dogmatizing area. These illustrations will show the reader what sort of things are in the book, and what curious prejudices a writer who is in other respects, we doubt not, noted for her amiability, can cherish against those of different creeds and countries from her own. We regret very much to have to call attention to these blemishes in a writer whose book we should have liked to recommend. But reviewers have their duties to perform.

3.—CATHOLICISM IN MODERN TIMES.¹

The Abbé Gibier, who is Curé of Ste. Paterne at Orleans, has been accustomed for many years past to give short conferences every Sunday at the Mass for men. The book before us is the first of two volumes which when complete are to contain his

¹ *Le Catholicisme dans les temps modernes.* Tom. 1er. *Les résistances.* Par l'Abbé Gibier. Paris : Lethielleux.

conferences for the years 1896, 1897, 1898, and 1899. During these four years his plan was to instruct his hearers on the religious history of the last century, and in the republication he divides his subject into two parts, one being devoted to the *Résistances*, the other to the works of modern Catholicism. The present volume is on the *Résistances*, or, as we should be inclined rather to say, the Defensive action of the Church in our times; and this again is made up of three parts—the Concordat, the Events (of the nineteenth century till the death of Pius IX.), and the Doctrines, false and true, which occupied men's minds during the same period. The instructions are good throughout, and will form a useful manual for any one anxious for some general idea of the burning questions of the age; but the part to which a reader will turn in the first place is that which treats of the Concordat between France and the Holy See. The conferences, as has been said, were delivered some years back, but inasmuch as the question of the Concordat has now become topical in a very special sense it is most convenient to have this concise account of all that appertains to it.

The Concordat of 1801 was the outcome of the Revolution. Napoleon wished to restore civil society, and he realized that this was impossible unless the Church was also restored to her position of moral influence. It was of course impossible to return to the system which had prevailed before the upheaval, nor would that have suited the First Consul's ambition. So he proposed to Pius VII. that they should come to a mutual arrangement. The Pope readily consented to the general scheme, but watched anxiously over the details, determined to concede whatever could be conceded without the sacrifice of essential spiritual interests, but to insist resolutely on the safeguarding of the latter. This Concordat was signed on July 15th, 1801, and M. Gibier gives a clear account of its principal provisions. Of these the most important are Articles 1, 12, 13, 14, 15. The first declares that the Church is to be free, and its worship free, the latter without any restriction save such police measures as may be necessary to guard the public peace. The 12th, 13th, 14th, 15th, in acknowledgment of the injustice of the confiscation of Church property in 1792, guarantee to the Bishops and Curés and some others, a certain annual sum for their support—the Holy See in return undertaking to abandon all claims for the restitution of the property confiscated (which after what had happened in the meantime

would have been hard for the State to make), and to reduce largely the number of the bishoprics. These Articles of the Concordat, which being matter of contract between the Holy See and France, are morally binding on the Governments of both, must be carefully distinguished from the Organic Articles which Napoleon added in his own cynical way *after* the signing of the Concordat, without any sort of agreement with the Holy See, and yet proclaimed along with the other Articles as though they formed an integral part of the same. These Organic Articles are seventy-seven in number and profess to be the carrying out of the agreement in Article 1 of the Concordat according to which the Church's liberty of administration and worship might be restricted by such police measures as were necessary to guard the public peace. They go, however, far beyond the requirements of any such necessity, and under pretext of regulating simply destroy the liberty so solemnly granted to the Church—some of them, moreover, being of the kind to which no Pope could by any possibility consent. For instance, they decree that no Papal action, such as a Bull or other utterance or order shall be received in France without the express sanction of the State; that no decree of a Council shall be published, or any Council held without leave of the State; that no Bishop shall leave his diocese without leave of the State; that no professor shall teach in a Seminary without having first subscribed to the four Gallican Articles (which the Holy See had always condemned); that no Bishop shall ordain a candidate unless endowed with property to the amount of 300 francs per annum, and so on. It is important to remember that the Holy See has always protested against these Articles and refused to be bound by them. As a matter of fact, Napoleon having proclaimed them allowed them to remain more or less as a dead letter. But from that time forward the State has always spoken of them as part of the Concordat, and the Holy See has regulated its conduct by the exigencies of each case arising. When possible to tolerate without sacrificing essential principles, it has tolerated, but always without admitting the legality of the measures taken under these Organic Articles. It will be noticed that in the recent affair of the Bishops of Dijon and Laval these respective attitudes of Church and State are illustrated. The Pope summoned the Bishops to Rome in disregard of an Organic Article: and M. Combes has declared that in so doing His Holiness was violating the Concordat.

4.—THE AULD KIRK OF SCOTLAND.¹

Under this suggestive title, Father Campbell exhibits the evidence which identifies the early Christianity of North Britain with the Church claiming the distinctive title of Catholic, as being in union with the Apostolic See,—and, modest as are its dimensions, his tract should be very effective with a people so capable of following a reasoned argument as his countrymen have the credit of being. Examining one after another the various pleas advanced to show that early Scottish Christians knew nothing of the authority of Rome, or even that they were actually Presbyterians, he shows, by the admissions of the best non-Catholic historians themselves, that such notions are wholly false, being grounded on ignorance or misapprehension of the plain facts of history. Father Campbell's native familiarity with the Gaelic tongue gives him a great advantage in such a discussion, enabling him to tread boldly in many places where the mere Sassenach scarcely ventures to put down his foot. His plain-spoken and downright style of arguing—free as it is from all suspicion of violence or bitterness, nor attempting to press conclusions further than the evidence fully warrants—cannot fail to win the confidence of fair-minded readers.

5.—IN THE MORNING OF LIFE.²

Dr. Welldon has been recently complaining that sermons are generally criticized too severely both by hearers and readers. But the volume before us, we feel sure, has merits which would fully ensure it the favour of the Catholic public, even though that public were as censorious as the rest of the world is said to be. Father Lucas's sermons were written and delivered for the Stonyhurst boys, and they are vigorous, well-informed, and clear, as they should be in order to attract and hold a boy's attention. They may also be warmly commended to men and women in the world, for the preacher addresses himself rather to the senior than to the junior students, to those whose thoughts extend themselves to the outside world, though

¹ *The Auld Kirk of Scotland.* By Father Archibald Campbell, S.J. Catholic Truth Society of Scotland. 32 pp. One penny.

² *In the Morning of Life. Considerations and Meditations for Boys.* By Herbert Lucas, S.J. London : Sands and Co., 1904.

generally occupied with the microcosm in which they live. Father Lucas encourages providence for the future as well as attention to the present, and provides matter for reflection appropriate to old and young alike. One of the best of these discourses is that entitled *Good Work for willing Workers*, a pleasing and instructive introduction to those active works of charity, which ought to be pressed upon the attention of all laymen.

Other sermons which have especially pleased us, may be compendiously described by their titles, *The Bewitchment of Trifles*, *The Wisdom of the Cross*, *My Crucifix*, *A Kingly Priesthood*. The writing is excellent throughout, and it is refreshing to listen to a preacher whose stores of knowledge are so ample, who can be homely or elevated, scholarly or eloquent, as need arises, and whose knowledge of the Fathers and of Scripture is so thorough and up to date. The only pages against which we feel inclined to take exception are those written in the essay style upon Cardinal Newman. They seem out of keeping with the rest.

6.—A PROSE POEM FROM PORTUGAL.¹

This little fragment, rightly described as a "prose poem," will remind the reader of Longfellow's *Legend Beautiful*, or Willis' *Leper*. It does not profess or pretend to narrate facts which actually happened,—as prosaic and matter-of-fact readers will do well to remember,—but endeavours to draw a picture, as artists are wont to do on canvas,—helping us to realize what those who lived in Palestine nineteen hundred years ago, were privileged to witness, when—in the words chosen for an epigraph—"Jesus went about all the cities and towns, teaching in their synagogues, and preaching the gospel of the kingdom, and healing every disease, and every infirmity." On the one hand, is vividly set forth what a wave of hope and gladness followed His passage wherever He went, and how the hearts of the people turned with one accord to the Prophet that had come out of Galilee;—on the other hand we are shown, as in typical instances, how the rich and the powerful sought in vain to

¹ *The Sweet Miracle*. By Eça de Queiroz, done into English by Edgar Prestage, of the Lisbon Royal Academy of Sciences, Translator of *The letters of a Portuguese Nun*. London: David Nutt, 1904. 37 pp. One shilling net.

552 *Pope Innocent XI. and the Freedom of Hungary.*

secure the intervention in their behalf which was freely offered to the poor and lowly. *Éça de Queiroz* is, we are told, undoubtedly Portugal's greatest prose writer of the last half of the nineteenth century, and this little sample of his workmanship certainly suggests no mean estimate of his powers, while Mr. Prestage's translation presents him to us in a genuine English garb. Should this experiment meet with sufficient encouragement, we are promised more stories of the same kind, and we cannot but hope that they may be forthcoming, for in these hypercritical days we sorely need to be reminded that the man who stifles his imagination is but a poor creature.

7.—POPE INNOCENT XI. AND THE FREEDOM OF HUNGARY.¹

Bishop Vilmos Fraknói, or Wilhelm Frankl, to use a name by which he is better known to some, has devoted many years of a singularly industrious life to the study of original documents bearing upon the religious history of his native Hungary. There are not many scholars in this country who would feel competent to pass judgment upon the more delicate problems of Hungarian history—certainly not the writer of this notice—and we must content ourselves with recommending in general terms this exceedingly interesting narrative of a great crisis which has so many claims upon the attention of Catholics. Basing his account upon the evidence of diplomatic correspondence for the most part previously unpublished, Bishop Fraknói has been able to throw a flood of light upon the worthy part played both by Pope Innocent XI. (Benedict Odescalchi, 1676—1689), and by his able Nuncio at Vienna, Cardinal Buonvisi, in the deliverance of Hungary from the Turks. It need hardly be said that John Sobieski also occupies a conspicuous place in a history which has Eastern Europe for its scene and 1686 for the year of its crowning development. But as the title of the work before us shows, it is Pope Innocent himself who is presented as the protagonist in the movement. Bishop Fraknói writes soberly and with a grave sense of his responsibilities. His statements are supported at every turn

¹ Papst Innocenz XI. und Ungarns Befreiung von der Türkenherrschaft, auf Grund der diplomatischen Schriften des Päpstl. Geheim-Archivs, von Wilhelm Fraknói, Titular-Bischof; aus dem Ungarischen übersetzt von Dr. Peter Jekel. Freiburg : Herder.

by definite references to his authorities, mostly the despatches from the Vienna Nunciature. As regards the general result of the researches of which this book is the summary, the evidence seems to establish satisfactorily that our English monarch James II. had an accurate comprehension of the diplomatic situation when he told Adda on September 13th, 1686: "His Holiness has delivered the city of Vienna; he has laid siege to Ofen; for centuries past no such Pope has sat in the chair of Peter."

We will only add that the volume, like all that comes from the press of Messrs. Herder, is admirably printed. We owe the publishers a debt of gratitude for bringing this important work, originally written in Hungarian, within the reach of ordinary students of history.

8.—STUDIES IN CHURCH HISTORY.¹

The miscellaneous contents of this volume appear to us to be of somewhat unequal value. The most weighty contribution is a discussion of the theology of the *Liber de Rebaptismate*, together with an attempt of Dr. Anton Beck to prove that a considerable portion of the text is a later interpolation. We are glad to have an exposition of the grounds of this opinion, but we must frankly say that neither in his main theories, nor in his demonstration of the spuriousness of chapters 16 to 18, does the author succeed in convincing us. He makes, it appears to us, but little allowance for the possibilities of inconsistency in the same theological teacher. Besides these articles, we have an essay on the view of St. Hilary of Poitiers regarding the capacity for suffering in the human body of our Saviour; and another on the ethical principles of the earliest Christian teaching. Further, the volume contains a certain amount of liturgical material belonging for the most part to the close of the Middle Ages. There is a calendar found in a Ratisbon Missal of 1485, and a number of miscellaneous Masses and prayers; which, we confess, seem hardly to be of sufficient value to call for separate publication. For instance, the volume called *Evagatorium* of 1503, 1505, 1510, &c., is by no means a great bibliographical rarity, and, so far as we can see, its intrinsic interest is not such as to deserve

¹ *Kirchliche Studien und Quellen* von Dr. Anton Beck. Amberg: Verlag H. Böes, 1903.

that a large extract should be made from its contents. The most welcome item in the book before us is perhaps the copy of a litany discovered at Amberg in the binding of another volume of later date. The writing of the fragments thus preserved may be as old as the eleventh, or even the tenth, century, and the litany itself is probably still more ancient. An excellent photogravure of this find is included in the volume. Three invocations are addressed to our Blessed Lady in the litany we speak of, to wit:

Sancta Maria ora pro nobis.

Sancta Maria intercede pro me peccatore.

Sancta Maria adjuva me in die exitus mei.

This change from plural to singular is remarkable; for throughout the rest of the document the plural forms *ora pro nobis*, *te rogamus audi nos*, *libera nos Domine*, &c., are duly preserved.

9.—ST. GREGORY'S TRENTAL.¹

We have already in a article in our present issue commended the excellent little treatise of Dr. Eberle on St. Gregory's Trental. It deserves in this year of the great Pope's centenary to attract more attention than it has hitherto done, for Dr. Eberle writes with full knowledge of his subject and his brochure is evidently the fruit of long and careful research. We confess that we should not ourselves be prepared to treat the theological and devotional aspects of the matter quite so seriously as Dr. Eberle does, but he always discusses the subject sensibly and earnestly. Perhaps the historical features of the question might have been more fully illustrated from English sources, but it would be unreasonable to expect that Dr. Eberle, writing in Germany, should be entirely in touch with all that is published in this country.

10.—BELGIQUE CHARITABLE.²

"Chacun à ses heures veut faire le bien et a besoin d'un conseil et d'un guide."

These words, used by the Vicomte de Melun in a letter to his son, convey in a nutshell the aim and object of those who have compiled the work under review. Almost every human being (as is most truly said in the pages before us) experiences,

¹ *Der Tricenarius des Heiligen Gregorius* von Karl Eberle. Ratisbon : Pustet.

² *Belgique Charitable*. Bruxelles : Albert Dewit, 53 Rue Royale, 1904.

at some time or other, a strong impulse to perform an act of charity, but in many cases that impulse becomes a velleity and fades into oblivion through *sheer lack of information* as to the works of charity that lie ready to hand. The grand idea of remedying this defect and of putting together a directory of charity for her native country had its inception in the noble heart of the Vicomtesse de Spoelberch de Lovenjoul. Her fellow-workers were quick to appreciate the merits of *Belgique Charitable* when it appeared, and the first edition was awarded a silver medal at the Brussels Exhibition of 1897.

Encouraged by this success the good Vicomtesse set about making her book still more exhaustive and complete; but God had other designs, and after a short illness she was called away to reap the reward of her labours on earth. The task of completing the unfinished work was undertaken as a labour of love by her friend Madame Vloeberghs. The result of their united toil we see in this splendid volume. To quote from a work of this character is a manifest impossibility. We can only say that within the covers of this directory the inquirer will find a complete and exhaustive account of every form of charitable work that is known to exist for the benefit of those in any way connected with Belgium. We find here full information not merely as to Belgium itself but also about the Congo State and various foreign countries. For instance, it is probably news to our readers that there is to be found in London, at 2 Mitre Street, Aldgate, E.C., the *Société belge de bienfaisance*, whose object is to aid and succour poverty-stricken Belgians within our metropolis. We learn that in 1902 this Society afforded help to about 500 persons (168 of whom were restored by its means to their native land), and that its total expenses for the year named amounted to over 12,000 francs.

What is especially to be admired in *Belgique Charitable* is the series of alphabetical indexes given at the end. These make it the acme of what a book of reference should be; everything being arranged in beautiful order under perfectly logical categories, so that what is sought is found with the minimum of trouble.

The labour entailed in preparing *Belgique Charitable* has opened out other vistas, and in the near future we are promised two fresh volumes, viz., *Belgique Enseignante* and *Belgique Sociale*, dealing with the education and social work of the country.

II.—RECENT MUSIC.¹

There is a large demand for simple, easy, reverent church music, and Mr. Terry and Cary and Co. are industriously engaged in supplying the demand. By editing and issuing in a cheap form the collection of compositions by Masters of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, as sung in the Abbey Church of Downside, the Musical Director of the Westminster Cathedral and his publishers are rendering a service to the Catholic musical world. Many of the works in the collection are well-known, and included in the repertory of our choirs. They were not, however, easy to obtain; some were out of print, and others were bound up in bulky publications. Concerning the works themselves there is nothing new to be said. Mr. Terry's contributions to our stock of Mass music, like the Downside Motets, are simple, easy, and reverent; and this is probably all that he would claim for them. Such inspiration as they possess is derivative: a criticism that applies to most of the works produced in Germany under the auspices of the St. Cecilia Society, and in England by writers of the same school of thought.

Literary Record.

I.—BOOKS AND PAMPHLETS.

MESSRS. HERDER have brought out a fourth edition, amended and somewhat enlarged, of Father Bernard Duhr, S.J.'s *Jesuiten-Fabeln*, a book the merits of which are so well known as to require no commendation of ours. Suffice to say that in this new issue it is brought well up to date, and some fifty pages are added to its already not inconsiderable bulk. In fact, this is the one drawback of which we are disposed to complain. A volume of all but a thousand pages, and weighing two pounds and a half avoirdupois, is not good to handle, and, in the case of a work to which constant references must frequently be made, this is a serious inconvenience. To make two volumes of it would of course entail other disadvantages scarcely less trouble-

¹ *Downside Motets.* Edited by R. R. Terry (Musical Director of Westminster Cathedral). Published by Cary and Co., Oxford Circus Avenue.

Short Mass in C. A Short and Easy Mass on the theme *Veni Sancte Spiritus*. Same Publishers.

some, but should there be further enlargements this will become necessary ; and we cannot find it in our heart to deprecate such enlargements, for whatever Father Duhr gives us is of such sterling value that the more we have from him the better.

Most heartily do we endorse Father Bans' appeal on the cover of the *Sixteenth Annual Report, 1903*, of the *Crusade of Rescue and Homes for destitute Catholic Children*—"Don't throw this Report in the Waste Paper Basket, but Please read it carefully, send your donation, and then pass it to a friend,"—and we will further point out that those who are too much occupied to comply with the first item of this request, are not therefore precluded from complying with the second and third. The case here presented is one that cannot fail to impress those who make themselves acquainted with it. Given the requisite means, hundreds of Catholic children can be rescued from vice, misery, and certain loss of Faith, and a respectable—even prosperous—future placed within their reach. Under these circumstances an authoritative pledge has been publicly given "that no Catholic children, really destitute, or in danger with regard to their Faith, and for whom no other provision can be made, shall be refused admission to these Homes." The pledge has been faithfully kept, but the increased expense thus involved, unaccompanied as yet by a corresponding increase of subscriptions, has brought the work to the verge of bankruptcy. The moral is obvious, and those who desire more particulars regarding the whole situation will find it in the Report which they are exhorted not to cast aside. May we be allowed to add that, in our opinion, the plea there urged would be more effective if there were less attempt to be eloquent, and facts clearly stated were allowed to speak for themselves ; also that to a large extent the illustrations are not of such a quality as to make their presence desirable ?

In his pamphlet, *The Soul and its God* (Catholic Truth Society of Scotland, 48 pp. One penny), Father B. Wolferstan, S.J., as he himself tells us, addresses the simple and unlearned, claiming to present his readers with "nothing that is new, and, for the most part, very little that is original." He has, nevertheless, produced a remarkably sound and satisfactory piece of work, which should prove useful to many whom no one would venture to include in the category for whose benefit it is professedly intended. In simple straightforward language Father Wolferstan deals with the fundamental problems

which in these days of sixpenny rationalism are forced on the attention of people who have never been trained to think or to distinguish a good argument from a bad one. The plain common sense of his statements ought to clear up much in the way of mental fog, and those who wish for fuller information than the limitations of his space allow, will be enabled to find it by means of the references with which his pages bristle to the works of scientific or philosophical experts, whom he constantly cites, and usually in their own words.

All who have the cause of truth at heart will welcome the Catholic Truth Society's latest edition of Cardinal Newman's *Lectures on the Present Position of Catholics in England* (Catholic Truth Society, 2s.). From Dr. Barry's admirable Preface we learn how the lessons inculcated by these lectures are as much needed in these our days as they were sixty years ago.

Night Thoughts for the Sick and Desolate (Second Series) (Catholic Truth Society, 3d.) are cast in the form of evening meditations. Their tone throughout is characterized by patience and resignation buoyed up by firm trust in Him to whom the blackest darkness is as noonday, and who has promised relief to all who come to Him with confidence when heavy burdened.

Those who have to deal with souls will be glad to see this second edition of *Holy Confidence* (Burns and Oates, 1s. 6d. net.), taken from Father Rogacci's *Unum Necessarium*, translated by Mother M. Taylor, and revised by Father James Clare. Father Rogacci's calm and measured words are an excellent anodyne for minds that may be perplexed by the great mysteries of the majesty of God, or tortured with the problems of Grace and of Predestination.

In *The Real St. Francis* (Catholic Truth Society, 3d.) Father Paschal Robinson, O.F.M., shows us how unsafe it is to follow M. Sabatier and his colleagues if we are to arrive at a true appreciation of the life and character of the Poor Man of Assisi.

A wider public will share the pleasure already experienced by a more intimate circle when reading *The Friends, and other Verses*, by F. J. Coventry Patmore. True poetry may not be appraised in terms of filthy lucre, and in days of yore the minstrel was guerdoned with largess of gold; but alack! in these prosaic times how many will give "2s. net." for a pamphlet of thirty pages?

Miss Dobrée's *Stories on the Rosary* (Part III., Longmans, 1s. 6d.) are a continuation of a series of tales on the Sacraments and Mysteries of our Faith. There is a spiritual lesson conveyed in each story, but it is done so cleverly that there is no risk of the young reader being repelled.

In *Memories of the Crimea*, by Sister Mary Aloysius (Burns and Oates, 1s. 6d.), we see how, "From Ireland and England, heroic nuns went forth to minister to our dying soldiers, seeking and receiving no recompense save that which a God of charity has promised for what is done even for the least of His little ones."

A good reminder of our duty to the Third Person of the Blessed Trinity will be found in *Short Readings on Devotion to the Holy Ghost* (Burns and Oates, 6d.).

The penny manual compiled by the Rev. G. B. Tatum for the Jubilee of the Immaculate Conception will be found useful by those who wish to know the conditions for gaining the Indulgence, and desire some guidance in their devotions.

II.—MAGAZINES.

Some contents of foreign Periodicals :

REVUE D'HISTOIRE ECCLÉSIASTIQUE. (1904, IV.)

The Question of Predestination in the Fifth Century. *M. Jacquin.*

The Catechetical Homilies of the Gelasian Sacramentary.

P. de Puniet. Three Journals of the Council of Trent.

M. Merkle. Reviews, Bibliography, &c.

ANALECTA BOLLANDIANA. (1904, IV.)

St. Ambrose and the Emperor Theodosius. *F. Van Ortry.*

Castor and Pollux in Christian Legends. *H. Delehaye.*

The Miracles of St. Radegund. St. Gregory the Great

and Greek Hagiography. *H. Delehaye.* The place of

burial of Blessed John Fisher. *J. Van den Gheyn.* The

Legendarium of St. Felix of Pavia. *A. Poncellet.* Reviews.

ZEITSCHRIFT FÜR KATHOLISCHE THEOLOGIE. (1904, IV.)

The Protevangelium and the Immaculate Conception. *M. Flunk.*

The Woman Clothed with the Sun. *L. Fonck.* Contrition

in Books for the Dying. *N. Paulus.* Reviews.

REVUE BÉNÉDICTINE. (1904, IV.)

The Auxiliary Bishops of Tournai. *U. Berlière.* Clement of

Alexandria on the Gospels. *J. Chapman.* A new Theory

regarding the Roman Canon. *G. Morin.* The Collabor-

ators of St. Hildegarde. *H. Herwegen.* Reviews, &c.

STIMMEN AUS MARIA LAACH. (October.)

The Historical Character of the Fourth Gospel. *J. Knabenbauer.*

A vanished Treasure of the Fourteenth Century. *J. Braun.*

The Riddle of Life. *E. Wasmann.* Achim von Arnim and his Letters. *O. Pfülf.* Reviews, &c.

LA CIVILTÀ CATTOLICA. (October 1 and 15.)

The Corner-stone of Scientific Socialism. The Christianity of the Gospel and that of M. Loisy. The Catholic Church and the St. Louis Exhibition. The Story of the Vatican Council. The Papal Protest against the Free-thought Congress. The Solesmes Benedictines in the Isle of Wight. The Chorépiscopi. Reviews, &c.

ÉTUDES (October 5 and 20.)

The Sale of the Property of the Congregations. *H. Berchois.* St. Francis Borgia, the Courtier. *P. Suau.* The Absolution at Rome of Henry IV. *Yves de la Brière.* The Kernel of Renan's Philosophy. *G. Longhaye.* German Catholics in the Nineteenth Century—Mixed Marriages. *H. de Brigault.* Synthesis in History. *H. Cherot.*

DER KATHOLIK. (1904.)

The Author of the *Peregrinatio Silviae*. *A. Bludau.* The general introduction of our existing Rosary Mysteries. *T. Esser.* Sermons about Indulgences in the Fifteenth Century. *A. Franz.* Reviews, &c.

L'UNIVERSITÉ CATHOLIQUE. (October.)

Three illustrious Converts to Christianity, Coppée, Brunetière, Bourget. *T. Delmont.* An Examination of Democracy. *Abbé Delfour.* The Work of the Propagation of the Faith. *C. de la Judie.* French Missions in the United States in the Seventeenth Century. *G. André.*

RAZÓN Y FE. (October.)

Philip III. and the Immaculate Conception. *L. Friaus.* The Central Organization of great Agricultural Combines. *N. Noguer.* The Reform Movement and Dogma. *L. Murillo.* Our Blessed Lady and Archaeological Research. *Z. Garcia.* Queen Isabella the Catholic. *P. Hernandez.* The Catholic Congress of Ratisbon. *M. Sainz.* Reviews, &c.

THE ECCLESIASTICAL REVIEW. (October.)

Our Clergy and the Reading-Circle Movement. *M. Sheedy.* Bankruptcy and Conscience. *T. Slater, S.J.* Assignment in Bankruptcy Cases. *A. Lehmkuhl, S.J.* The Restoration of our Churches. *W. F. Stockley.* Roman Documents.

